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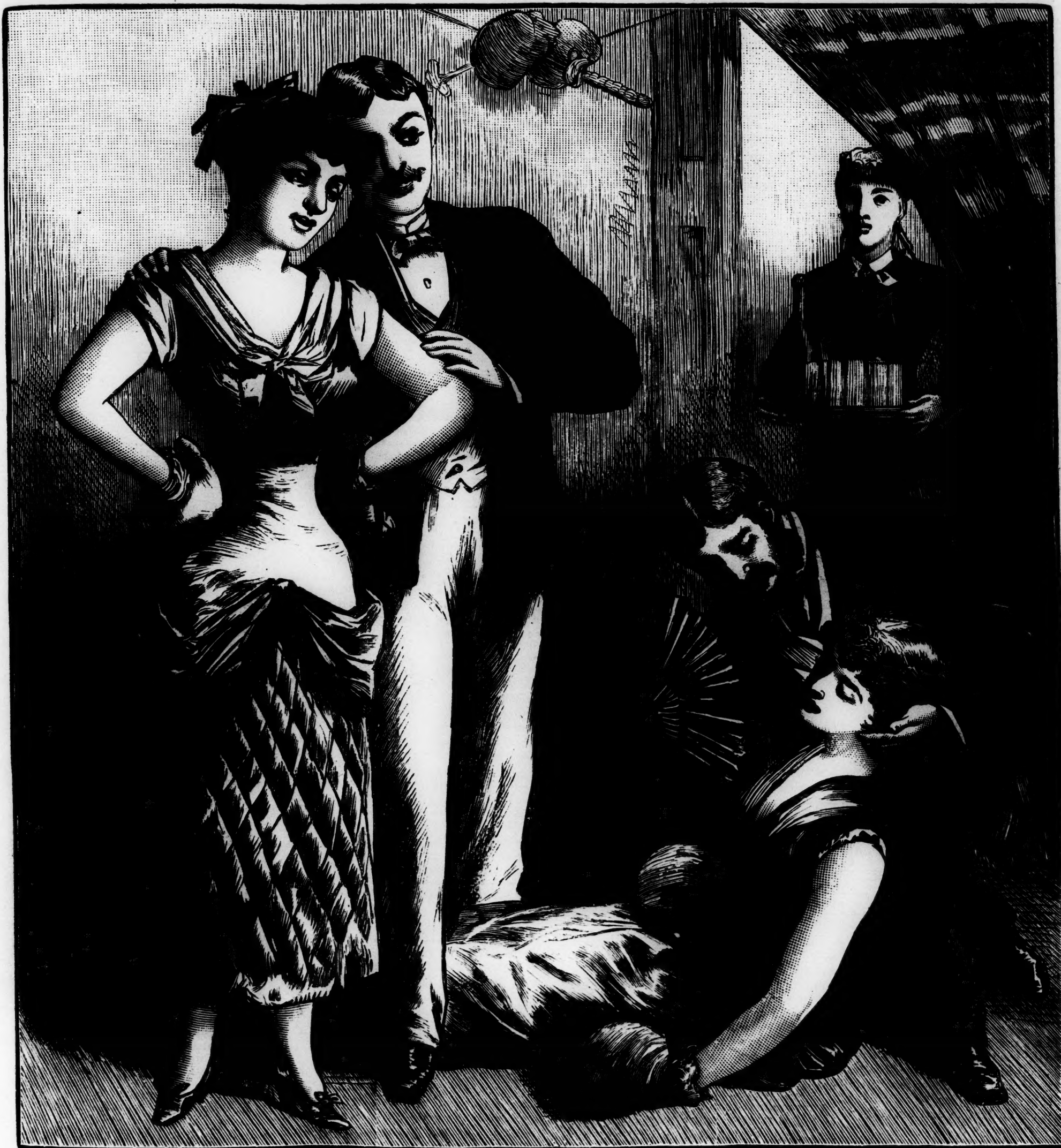
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor

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KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.

THE POPULAR REVIVAL OF THE MANLY ART REACHES A FIFTH AVENUE PALACE AND RESULTS IN THE INTRODUCTION OF A NOVEL SPORT INTO THE BOUDOIR.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,
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Will be pre-eminently the brightest, snappiest and best sensational illustrated dramatic and sporting Sunday newspaper ever given to the public. It will be the only pictorial Sunday newspaper published in America. It will employ a staff of the best artists in the country and will illustrate the salient events of the week in the first style of the art. With the first number will be presented, free, a splendid supplement sheet, calculated for framing, and a pictorial supplement will be published thereafter at monthly intervals. The Dramatic, Sporting, News and Editorial departments of FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS will be fearless, independent and spicy, and the Literary features of the paper of the most novel and fascinating character. It will be issued every Sunday morning simultaneously in New York and all towns east of the Mississippi river.

Price 5 cents. For sale everywhere.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

THE money for the statue of Liberty pedestal hasn't been subscribed yet. The truly good and blatantly patriotic don't come to the front. We said they wouldn't and they won't.

WE only hope when Sullivan goes to the other side he may manage to get Tug Wilson before him for another bout. It isn't a friendly wish for Wilson, and we don't mean it to be so construed.

They're ripening for war over there in Europe. There's dynamite all around and bloody murder is in the air. Luckily Uncle Sam is too remote to feel the shock, and any way the game goes it is to his profit.

WITH No. 1 of Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, will commence the snappiest and most entertaining serial of the year. Look out for "The Prettiest Women in Paris." They will make your head swim. Out Sunday, April 15th, price 5 cents.

THE way the dramatic fakes have managed to mix up their domestic affairs this dreary season of toll and disaster, is going to be more productive of scandal on the Square this summer than ever. The gossips are going to have a lively time and no mistake.

THERE's a superabundance of martial valor in the rising generation, it seems, judging from the avidity with which youngsters, right here in New York, rush to the duelling ground. And with boxing masters so plenty and their terms so reasonable, too. It is surprising.

THERE is a movement in the German universities to abolish the time-honored custom of duelling, and replace the ridiculous practice with sparring. Sullivan is going to journey that way in a short time and he can give the movement an impetus by showing the youngsters the virtues of the manly art.

If you want to see how wicked New York women can be, and yet flaunt the robes of purity, go to the palatial beer saloons up town in New York any night just after the theatres are out. There's material for fifty sermons in one visit. Talk about whiskey, beer discounts and beats it out of sight in deviltry. If you don't believe it go and see.

NEXT week the POLICE GAZETTE will add to its features a department devoted to base ball, and edited by one of the best known and ablest critics of the national game. It goes without the saying that this department will be perfect, breezy, newsy and entertaining, since it will be a match for the other departments of this journal, which have found such universal favor.

THE SPORTING OUTLOOK.

The season of out-door sports is close at hand, and the indications are that it will abound in interesting events. The leading base ball clubs have been reorganized, and the contests for the championship will be made more exciting than usual, owing to the fact that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE proposes to present valuable gold medals and pennants, to clubs distinguishing themselves. The best scullers of the world are to meet on American waters, while on the turf a host of new horses will endeavor to break down all previous records. The rowing associations have already announced the dates of their annual regattas, and yachtsmen are waiting anxiously to test the merits of several new boats. All signs point to an exciting series of sporting events. In the pugilistic world interest has been excited by the arrival on American shores of Mitchell, the English pugilist. He has defeated the best men in England, but he will undoubtedly meet antagonists here as game and perhaps as skillful. One thing is certain, he will not take as much money out of the country as Tug Wilson did, unless he enters the roped arena. As for Sullivan and Slade, the question as to whether they will contend for the championship or not, promises to be disposed of soon. Jem Mace announces that Slade will claim the championship unless Sullivan comes to the front, and the sporting public will measure the Boston Boy's pluck by his answer. Fighting on paper and oratorical benefits are growing monotonous.

At last Vanderbilt has made his entree to society. Not by force of merit or virtue—those things are quite unnecessary in the present condition of affairs among the upper ten. Billy's palace had more effect on opening the circle of the exclusives to him than would the pedigree of a philanthropist or a saint. The ball he gave was what our sporting reporter would call a "daisy" and the way Billy did sling himself around in the whirl of the "Imperial" with the boss old dowager of the Fifth avenue set, and he attired as a knight of the middle ages, was wonderful to see. Money talks, indeed, nowadays, and if you want a chance to cackle in society or the world even, you've got to own a railroad or else take a back seat and be a wall flower mute. We are glad to see Billy's worth at last recognized. His family has been waiting for this glorious day for a long time, but at last it has come. All he's got to do is to buy a patent of nobility and he's fixed. His grace, the Duke Billy de Vanderbilt, would sound first class—away up in fact. Oh, he must be noble now, sure—or how can he enjoy his palace and his railroad and his opera house?

THE turfmen are coming out with grand programmes this spring. If we may believe all the signs of the times there is going to be a most astounding advance of the turf in popular favor. The boys have plenty of money, the events are many and liberally endowed and the pool seller's cheery voice is going to ring through the land with renewed vigor once more, though Bergh and the moral gang may choke him off and make him sing small in this vicinity. However it may be in this respect, however, there is going to be more sport on the turf this summer than ever, and the boys have a right to feel good thus early, in anticipation of it.

Two sopranos of the Emma Abbott opera troupe have got to slogging each other behind the scenes. They had their first round at Tootle's Opera House at St. Joseph, Mo., and the second at Leavenworth, Kansas. Emma's troupe is one that is considered under the especial patronage of the parsons, deacons, churchmen and sisters generally; so the influence of the POLICE GAZETTE in spreading the taste for pugilism is all the more remarkable in this instance. We told you we'd have the churchmen sparring out their differences in the church-basements before long. We didn't think, though, that we'd have the sisters of the choir loft at it first. Whew! but we are progressing!

KEELY says he has his motor perfected and in a month will show us how to drive a steamer across the Atlantic on the motive force contained in a glass of water. If it were a glass of whiskey, now, there'd be no great surprise, for we've seen remarkable things resolved from that stuff—but when it comes to proving this terrible force in water the temperance men will begin to weaken, we suspect, and conclude that their favorite beverage is more dangerous, after all, than "the old stuff."

THEY are making a great fuss in the papers over the fact that the British Queen and Empress of India, the burly Victoria, fell down a staircase at Windsor Palace and alighted on a very tender spot in a very ridiculous fashion. What interest is it to the American public whether the Queen can yet sit down with comfort or not? There may be some hidden diplomatic interest in Her Majesty's bruises but we think the journalists had better follow the example of the Queen and drop on themselves.

How the holy mob labors to prove all we have said against them! And how ridiculous they do make themselves, these church-going hypocrites, in their attempts to injure us. There was that precious set of town trustees in Seneca Falls, New York, who objected to the POLICE GAZETTE, Mace and Slade Combination and refused to allow it to give its show on March 23. They passed special resolutions about us, appointed a special police force of fifty hayseed yahoos to repress the organization, and made asses of themselves generally. Mace and Slade amused themselves with the rustic Dogberry for a few hours, pretending to defy the authority of the praying bands and enjoying the parade of the halt and blind in martial array. Do these ignorant fanatics think they, in their little world, could injure us? Why we could buy their whole town and all the truly good in it. What made the saintly trustees mad was that Richard K. Fox was jingling their price in his pocket and refused to give up. We hit them the hardest when we refused to bribe them to wink at the exhibition. The POLICE GAZETTE knocked them out completely. It's too bad that we are too intellectual for this holy crowd, but we are. We know where their raw spots are and we hit them there every time. The weak spot of the trustees of Seneca Falls was their pocket. We hit them badly when we refused to pay tribute in money and went away laughing and still jingling our money in our pocket. How they did gnash their teeth. We have no doubt that on a dark night the trustees would have gone for our boodle with sand bags and such other holy implements as they are so used to handling, but we got away with it, for we always keep a grip on our purse when we fall among the praying bands. The Seneca trustees couldn't prey on us. Not much. Not for a cent.

THE murder of Haverstick by young Conkling and the consequent revelations of the murdered man's sinful relations with Mrs. Uhler, in the Paris flats, a "tony" apartment house in New York, attracts suspicious attention to this class of dwelling. These apartments are held at enormously high rents, but are eagerly taken up by people who must be well fixed to bear the first expense. Who are they and where does the money come from? The suspicion flashes across the public mind that there is more than one Mrs. Uhler masking her guilt under the gilt of these tawdry palaces. It seems, indeed, that these suspicions are true, and that the flats are intended to meet the growing demand of the parvenu class, the nouveaux riches for eligible places for the bestowal of their dainty mistresses without shocking the world or occasioning inquiry. Quiet neighborhoods and brown stone mansions will not do. There would be a give away straight. The French flat just fills the bill. That's why the high rents are obtained so easily. The people who undertake housekeeping in such places on the quiet, are ready to pay big prices and to come down handsomely all around. When the money runs out the Lares and Penates take to themselves wings and fly away and the marital engagement is over. This was some time a secret, but it begins to appear as clear as day to the wondering public now.

IT was a good answer the longshoremen of New York made to the Central Labor Union in repudiating the red flag and communism: "The stars and stripes are good enough for us." There are volumes in that reply. Our workingmen need no other standard to fight under, and they require teaching from none of the Mosters or other anarchists of the old world. The workingman holds the balance of power here and can use it when he will; there is no need of his striking hands with assassins or adopting murder and rapine as means of justice. They who sprung this project did not understand the American workingman—that is all.

A MAN named Mulcahey was found dead in a Bowery hotel one night a week or so ago, and three families of Mulcahey's claimed the remains as their own. Three coffins were ordered and three wakes prepared and the authorities had to step in to prevent a fight that would have ended in the corpse being partitioned among the claimants. The dispute of the Mulcahey's is not settled yet, and poor Mulcahey, with three families claiming him, is worse off than if he had none. There can be too much of a good thing for a man dead as well as living, you see.

WASN'T it funny, the idea of that mob of rich people masquerading at the Vanderbilt ball in historical characters! That array of the homeliest women in the world—the most wretched shrivelled-up damsels and raw-boned matrons—figuring as queens and fairies and personified scraps of poetry. Great heavens! What an apotheosis of female homeliness and male idiocy! That we do not go beyond the mark in our expressions of horror any one may verify who has noted the array of these "distinguished people" at the charity ball, or on a Patti night at the opera.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

A DIFFICULT point to grasp—The end of an eel's tail.

THE proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar cooled.

IT is now fashionable to speak of the night robe as a nap sack.

IT was a countryman who called city sausage a "dog gone" poor dish.

SHE certainly had a pretty foot, but it did not make half so much impression on him as the old man's.

IT is a singular thing, but the most pleasing period of a dentist's life is when he looks down in the mouth.

THE poor fellow who drank himself out of this world traveled first-class. He took a saloon passage.

"OVER the crystal waters she leans in careless grace," says a recent poem. Another case of sea-sickness.

BISMARCK has written a letter denouncing vivisection. He himself hasn't cut into a sausage for two years.

"YOU are setting a bad example," as the algebra class said when the teacher wrote a hard equation on the board.

A MISSOURI man, with an ingrowing nail, chopped his toe off. The remedy never fails. For sale at all hardware stores.

IN ancient times the warrior who never asked for quarter frequently did things by halves when he cut his antagonist in two.

A MAN in Boston has invented a stone-cutting machine which can do the work of sixty-four men. Better sentence it to State prison.

THE Romans used to eat pies, but it was death to sneak in a tin plate on a Roman when he was biting through thirteen of them at once.

"OH, she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half. "She always struck me with the soft end of the tongue."

THE latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged?

"MIKE, do you believe in second love?" "Faith an' I do," said he. "If you have a pound of sugar isn't it swate, and when that's gone don't you want another an' isn't that swate too?"

"Now, Johnny," said an Austin school teacher, "what happened after the angel with the fiery sword drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden?" "They had to eat bread to make them sweat."

STANDING before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou have this woman?" etc. The man stared in surprise and replied, "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a puppus!"

THE young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory," last fall, has eloped. We feel sorry for the young man; it is bad enough where one word brings on another, but just think of one word bringing on 700.

"JANE," said a father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—" "Why, pa, who said he was stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa; "only I could see he was a little close as I passed through the room."

A GEORGIA farmer has six acres in cucumbers. We'll bet a corner lot against a toy balloon that there'll be more'n Six Achers in Georgia when them cucumbers are let loose. There's lots of people there just Green enough to Cholera 'em.

A VICTIM (to dentist)—"Good heavens! Man, that is the second sound tooth you have pulled." Dentist, (to victim)—"I beg your pardon, sir, but as you only had three when I commenced, I think I shall make no mistake this time."

"No gentleman," said Fogg, "would smoke in the presence of ladies." "Nonsense," replied Brown; "I never allow the presence of ladies to interfere with my comfort." "Very true," said Fogg; "but that doesn't affect the correctness of my observation."

"MR. Jones! this business of getting things by piecemeal is eternally played out. I've just made up my mind that I shall go out and lay in a month's provisions." "Well, Mrs. Jones, I don't know who's going to be fool enough to eat 'em, after you have laid in 'em, I'm sure."

"BIDDY, bring Mr. Smith a glass of sherry," Exit Biddy. "You must be so tired from your walk." Biddy brings the sherry. "Not that way, my dear girl. You should always bring it on a plate or salver." Exit Biddy. "She is very willing, but, really, she knows so little." Biddy re-entering with wine in a soup plate—"Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will the lady lap it up?"

A FRIEND informs us of the following: A man who bought a badly-fitting suit that was much too large for him, was constantly taken to task by his good wife for the folly. One evening as their little daughter was retiring, they were much surprised to overhear the following conclusion of her evening prayer: "Please, God, make pa over again, so as his clothes 'll fit him, and then ma won't nag at him no more!"

As red as the rose was my love last night—
Yes, red as a rose was she;
But to-day my love's as pale and white
As the blooms of an apple tree.

Poor thing, she is pining for me, I think;
But the wicked neighbors say
Her mother stole in, while my love was asleep,
And stole her pink saucer away.

HEAVY tragedian at railway hotel—"Prithee, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?" Landlord—"A machinist? Yes, sir." Tragedian—"Then take to him the bird or many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon. And pray you, do it quickly. Your peas you need not carry, for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"

STAGE WHISPERS.

Rival Opera Fairies in a Slogging Match on the Stage.

The Abbott Troupe Contributes its Mite Towards the Grand Total of a Week's Stage Scandals.

WHISPER. We think McKee Rankin is souring on that Third Avenue theatre of his. He's having a lapse of wisdom, perhaps. A theatre in that locality is good for only the Chinese drama, to catch the laundry patronage; or the native Irish drama, to catch the Celtic scholars of the extreme east side. Mac, depend on it, you're away off—not only your base, but the line of amusement patronage in New York.

JUST as we predicted, Old Slime has "busted" Billy Henderson. The latter has been obliged to get out of the management of the Standard Theatre, which he has run since 1875. D'Oyley Carte and his mob made a nice thing out of Henderson, but he might have recuperated, as he had done before, had not Slime and his nasty cohorts come on him to crush all his hopes. Joe Brooks, of the firm of Brooks & Dickson, dramatic agents, has taken the lease and will run the theatre with combinations. We warrant he will be very sick of his bargain before the second month's rent has been paid. This house was never a success. There was never a dollar made in it, while thousands were sunk. The location is bad, and the air of the place breeds hypercriticism. As a beer saloon of the "palatial" class it might do some business, but as a theatre never. That's the fine lookout Brooks has as the manager of this fated place.

ALBANI, the opera singer, was never beautiful: she was slender, refined and pleasing, but this trip she has come back fattened on the roast beef and beer of old England out of all recognition. She is so fat, in fact, that she proves too lazy to sing in time and doesn't wake up in an allegro movement until the orchestra has got a start of her. Her weight has had other effects, too. It is breaking up the "props" of the Academy. The other night when she was coming over the rocks as *Senta*, in "The Flying Dutchman," pursuing her phantom lover into the sea, she smashed the steps behind the set rocks, broke the planks and wrecked the canvas. Nothing but the scenery was injured, however, and as this occurred at the end of the last act the tableau was rather heightened than marred by the catastrophe. We suggest that Colonel Mapleson get his prime *donne* weighed and have his stage carpenter test his scaffolding every season. The stage scaffolding that would support a prima donna three seasons ago may be totally inadequate this season, for prime *donne* grow—and the stage carpenter of the period should be given to understand as much.

CHARLES R. GARDINER, the dramatic agent and manager of occasional troupes, was knocked out in one round the other day by Charles Abbott of the Emmett combination. Gardiner had been revenging himself on Agnes Herndon by telegraphing dirty stories concerning her to the eastern and western papers. Not content with this, he gave out the same stories about the Square, connecting Abbott's name with hers in a relation disrespectful to her and peculiarly aggravating to Abbott. The latter holds the championship, since he knocked out Mylud Mandeville's English champions in the Morton House during the holidays, and as might have been expected he called on Gardiner the other day and slogged him in his office. Gardiner didn't strike back—he played the Christian racket—turned the other cheek. Everyone knows he has plenty of cheek for any occasion and never need be at a loss on an emergency of this kind. This is only the beginning of a season of war about the Square. Things are going to be lively there this summer, for there are numerous scandalous stories afloat that will probably be settled in the pugilistic fashion advocated by the POLICE GAZETTE.

THEY'VE been given themselves away around Niblo's Garden. A couple of strangers, guests of the Metropolitan Hotel, got into an altercation with the ticket speculator of the theatre, and he defied them and the police, saying he paid \$2,000 a season for the privilege of occupying the lobby and selling the best seats in the house at a premium—which is the plain, undeniable truth. The manager wriggled out of it by saying it was thought best to appoint one responsible agent for the house to sell tickets at an advance over advertised rates, and drive out all the speculators who purchased tickets as a speculation without paying the manager any premium. According to our way of thinking the speculator who acts on his own hook and risks a personal loss is engaged in a business undertaking, while the manager who gives a speculator the best seats in the house to sell at advanced prices and shares the proceeds with him, is engaged in a species of knavery. We think it is the manager's man and not the private speculator who should be driven away. This is what the managers mean by their war on ticket speculators—they want all abolished except the special ones who share with them. Didn't we say so long ago? And isn't it turning out just as we said?

TALK about your successes, there are Robson & Crane, the comedians—they've made more money, clear profit, in the past three seasons than any two companies you can name. Their profits have been so enormous that, wishing to build a theatre of their own, they have obtained more than enough funds for the purpose by laying aside fifty per cent. of their gross earnings this season. The new house will be located in Chicago. The building of this theatre is an old project with them, but they have precipitated operations in consequence of a scare given them by the parsons. Robson, you see, made bold to preach over the remains of his friend, Charley Thorne, and the preachers, taking offense, opened fire on the player in all the religious press and in many of the secular papers, too, getting in several heavy sockdolagers through the columns of the New York Times. This frightened Robson and his partner, who foresaw that the world is growing too religious for them, and therefore hasten to establish themselves in Chicago as the wickedest place they can find. We think they weaken too soon. The millennium is not at hand yet, and the howls of bigots, clerical or journalistic, should not be mistaken for the chorus of the angelic choir. The devil has some say still in this vicinity, Rob., and we don't see the necessity of abandoning us just yet awhile.

THE palace beer saloons of New York have become shocking dens of vice—and all the more dangerous because of their gildings and magnificence. The young women of the city and suburbs are there inducted into the pleasant pathways of early sin and the case-hardened sinner flaunts the profits of her evil life in the eyes of virtue in a way to give full swing to wickedness. The women of the stage frequent these places at late hours and frequently unbend in a manner that is not to their credit. The remorseless Dutchmen who are running this beer racket should be sat upon by the authorities. Why not? At Koster & Bial's in Twenty-third street and at Tneiss' palace in Fourteenth street the law is violated daily and nightly. If a poor man sells a glass of liquor in his little saloon after hours or on a Sunday he has a swarm of spies down on him, but these rich Dutchmen may have concerts and keep their beer flowing at all hours, day and night, and no one dare interfere. These beer palaces are disgraceful resorts and among their evil effects they are leading the free and easy actress to give herself away in public. Whereas she used to get tight in the privacy of her own apartment, she now finds it an easy matter to get the "budge" without smuggling it into her boarding house. These beer saloons should be kept under some supervision if beer is not indeed greater than the law itself.

CHARLES READ's drama, "Never too Late to Mend," was presented at Booth's Theatre on East Monday with a remarkably strong cast and in grand scenic rig. Ben Sherwood won the honors of the production by the novel stage effects introduced in the third act. The play is a strong one, anyhow, but with such a cast of men a weak play might be made to go. The women were weak and of no account. It is something new to find Stetson weak in women. The sex used to be his strong hold. It has been definitely settled that Booth's is to cease its dramatic career with this season; so Stetson's last production will be the valedictory of the temple. Old Fish, of the Marine Bank, is the purchaser and he is very resolute in his determination to drive the drama out and put dry goods in. This is an unkind stab at Theopis on the part of Fish, for if memory serves us right he was on friendly terms with the deity in times past. We know he smiled on several fairies of the "Black Crook" days and he is no stranger to the coulisses of Niblo's. And he has backed the goddess, too, this smiling, bland old man. We say it and we don't care if it does give him away in his church—he has made a dollar or two out of theatrical ventures and was always regarded as a patron of the drama; so it does seem hard when he begins pulling down theatres.

THE spectacular ballet business is coming into vogue again and certain managers are preparing to get a start in the movement next season, in the hope of scooping in the lion's share of the profits by being early in the field. The theory is accurate and we have no doubt it will realize several boodles before the imitators play it out. The ballet is little known by the youngsters of the new generation and now is the time for it to catch on with them, for they have just attained the age when they can appreciate tights and high kickers. After the "Black Crook" revelation we had a ten years' reign of ballet. It was in every place of amusement, affording the main feature even in the variety theatres. For five or six years, however, it has been ruled out, owing to the disgust of the public with its overdone methods. The people have had a long enough rest by this time, though, and we have no doubt it will prove a brilliant success in its revival. The Kralifys, Joe Brooks and John Stetson will be the great rivals in leg business next season and Europe will be scoured for premieres and coryphees. The old girls of the latter class, who have been suffering on small salaries during the dreary interregnum, needn't dye their old tights and stitch the toes of their ragged slippers—they can now command their own price and make their managers furnish them new ones. And there will be bouquets, too, and plenty of mashers in the front rows and suckers at the stage door just like the "good old times," and the girls are going to be happy—you just bet.

THE snide actors, and snide dramatists as well, who make the beer saloons ring with their invocations to art, have been overdoing their more or less artful games lately in respect to the press. They pretend to be guided by dramatic criticism and yet use all their efforts, including many free drinks, to make the so-called critical article an unpaid advertisement of their show—often claiming these notices in advance and obtaining them. For instance, there was Willie Edouin, who opened the San Francisco Minstrels' hall on Easter Monday with a new and ridiculous three-act farce called "A Bunch of Keys." For weeks before this was presented the author and manager were trying by every means in their power to get the critics to print a half a column each, describing the piece and explaining that it was a satire on hotel life. It never occurred to these cunning persons that the proper thing to do was to give an outline of the plot in the paid advertisements. They generally use the newspaper critic to present these quaint details. If the newspaper managers were wise they would not print extended reviews of dramatic plots. They should confine themselves to reviewing the acting of the artists and the setting of the stage. All the rest comes within the range of the poster, the dodger, the snipe and the advertising columns. As it is, the manager pays the critic one-third the advertising rates in drinks and cigars to insert an "ad" that should be regularly paid in the legitimate way in the counting-room of the newspaper. This is true; and it's business too. If the critics don't get enough salary to pay for their own drinks they should seek other methods of eking out a living than the dishonest one of selling space in their employer's critical columns at less than advertising rates and then pocketing the proceeds themselves without giving the employer a whack at all.

BOUCICAULT and a snap company gathered from the beer corners of the Square, opened Wallack's Star Theatre on Easter Monday. The play was a new comedy fake of Boucicault's from several French pieces, with Dion in the leading comedy part. Theodore Moss had a finger in this pie, too. He came down from the new house to set the old thing going and to give "Harthur, me boy," a start. This fellow Moss likes to figure as a great managerial genius wherever he can, and at the same time manages to extract a good share of plums from the pudding for himself. He is a great humbug, though. He doesn't know one-half he pretends to know. He is a creature of luck, pure and simple. The extent of his managerial policy is to set a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars gracefully on the table before a critic, and to tiddle the

scribe to that extent that he views everything about Moss' theatre in a rosy tint. In such arts of "the distinguished manager" Theodore has got matters down fine, but there is nothing in him besides, except the sheeny greed of money and the deftness in clutching at it or diverting it into channels that lead to his own bank account. He has been for years the highest paid and most over-rated ignoramus who has been permitted to represent a New York theatre, and that is quoting him away down to the lowest notch of ignorance, relieved by only low cunning of the meanest order. His success in accumulating shekels, however, has been the ruin of many of his brother sheenies who rushed into the business to emulate him and got badly left. The old house is dingy and dirty, and the make-shift and money-catching methods of the sheeny management were too apparent at the outset to please the public. Of course the first thing done was to secure a ticket speculator for the front of the house. Theodore would never lose that little perquisite—never. We don't think the Star Theatre racket will work this season. If Wallack will clean and fumigate the place during the Summer and rid it of some of its vile German odors he may have a chance in the fall—otherwise he may hang up his fiddle and make up his mind to support Arthur out of his private purse.

HERE they are again—we mean that mob that is raking in dollars for the alleged Actor's Fund, though they can't tell us of any actor who profits by it. They have settled on April 12 as the day for a benefit in every theatre for this fund. Now they want to raise enough money to buy property on Union Square and build an actor's exchange—meaning a place where the fakes can go to lounge away the loafing days and keep out of the sun of the summer or hug the stove and dry their feet after they tramp home in winter. All these objects might be laudable if they were practicable; but they are not. Such an undertaking will not work. A building of this kind would be used only for the benefit and profit of the few who control the big stake. It would not work. It could not be kept respectable. The women—the off-color ones whose name is legion—would lounge as well as the men. And then wouldn't there be fine goings on? Wouldn't there be frightful scandals? In this coming benefit extraordinary efforts are to be made to raise the pile. The police are to be enlisted to peddle tickets all over the city with the offer of half the receipts to the police fund. This is a regular blackmailing operation, or very near it to say the least, and we call the attention of the police commissioners to it. As it was done last year, the "cop" forced three or four tickets on every small storekeeper on his beat, and no one dared decline them for fear of the petty tyranny of the "peeler." Is this style of thing to be repeated in the interest of a lot of flashy managers who have no charity in their souls, however they may protest, and who are only looking to their own interest? If the small storekeepers dare not revolt, we dare speak for them, and we ask the commissioners—Is this strike of the "cops" to be repeated this year? And if so, can you tell us the difference between this ticket selling and the meanest kind of blackmailing? The benefit for the fund is in the hands of a committee consisting of Ed. Gilmore, A. M. Palmer and Harry Miner. A precious trio that for charitable work. They all care so much for the poor actor! We all know they would give away their diamond shirt studs rather than that the meanest fake should starve. Oh, yes. They are very charitable. They love the "peeler" with a "full half benefit" love. You've heard of those benefits where the manager bills a popular actor and then takes all the expenses out of him and whacks up the proceeds half and half? This is the managerial style of charity—the half benefit style. The public is to be bulldozed into putting up a stake for poor actors and the rich managers will get half the proceeds, if only indirectly. It's a brazen piece of business all through. Especially when we remember the missing Brooklyn Theatre fire fund. Why don't they take a hundred thousand dollars of that and build the exchange with it? The public, warned of the mysterious manipulations of that fund, had made up its mind to contribute no more to such affairs, whereupon the police are called in and the people are taken by the throat and made to pay up. This, we take it, is untenable ground for the police commissioners and we call on them to rise and explain.

THERE'S always some theatrical or operatic cussedness happening in St. Joseph, Mo. If the fakes or artists (especially the musical people) have any wickedness in them they generally keep it until they reach Tootle's Opera House in St. Jo. and then they let it burst forth. It was only a few weeks ago that we reported a lively battle between two of the artists of Fay Templeton's dramatic troupe who contested the affections of the handsome young tenor. Now it is the Emma Abbott troupe that comes under our critic's pen and our traveling artist's pencil. In the early part of March the Abbott company appeared in St. Jo. and announced "Iolanthe" at Tootle's. The opera had been tried before with one of the minor soprano singers of Miss Abbott's support, but this person was declared by the secret council of Emma and her hubby to be too fat to be good. So, when Tootle's was reached Emma replaced the regular artiste with a good looking young girl debutante, a Miss Reeks, in whom she had recognized some musical and dramatic talent. She was slender, while the other *Iolanthe* was fat. She had a fresh young voice, which again the old fairy had not. So the whole proceedings were devised in the interest of the public. The regular soprano, the fat one, was worked into a fury by the proposed debut of her youthful rival and threatened to thrash her. An opportunity presented itself. Miss Reeks and the unextinguishable soprano met in the wings before the performance. They were costumed as fairies. The former weighed probably ninety pounds, while the blithe and frisky madame, although divested of every article of superfluous clothing, could have crushed any ordinary scale. "Were you gone mit dose fairy klose on?" shrieked the original *Iolanthe* the moment she beheld her hated rival. Miss Reeks replied that she had been directed to play *Iolanthe* and meant to appear in the part. Giving vent to some violent expletives in Dutch *Iolanthe* rushed for her slender rival, fastened her fingers in her hair and began tugging away for dear life. Miss Reeks was somewhat stunned at first but speedily recovering herself displayed more mettle than anyone would have supposed she possessed. By a series of swift and wiry movements she soon perched herself on the prima donna's back and then the way the fur flew from those two fairies was at once sublime and terrible. It took all the stage hands and the entire chorus to separate the combatants and when the act was called it was found that the fat one was the victor, as Miss Reeks was too prostrated to

appear. There was a wild glare in the madame's eye when she sailed before the footlights and she sang the music of *Iolanthe* as she had never sung it before and, be it devoutly hoped, as it will never be sung again. News comes back to us that this bloody warfare has been repeated in Leavenworth and that this time it was the fat soprano, and not Miss Reeks that was "knocked out." As things are going Richard K. Fox may be induced to shortly furnish a championship medal to be contested for by the members of the Abbott troupe at slogging and Græco Roman wrestling. We await the account of the third round between the two sopranos before offering them an engagement in the POLICE GAZETTE Combination with Mace and Slade.

If you want to know what is going on around town, consult the *Proctor*, in "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings," out April 15, price 5 cents.

PACKER, THE CANNIBAL.

His Description of the Menu of His Horrible Banquet.

[With Portrait.]

In its number of March 31st the POLICE GAZETTE published the full details of the horrible crime and the capture of Alfred G. Packer, the murderer of five of his comrades and eater of human flesh. The crime was committed in the year 1873 not far from the Los Pinos Agency and shortly afterward Packer disappeared and nothing was heard of him until last February, when there arrived in Cheyenne a French peddler named Cazaubon, who informed sheriff Sharpless of that city that he had seen Packer at Fort Fetterman, Arizona. Sheriff Sharpless put the matter into the hands of officer Hosford, who wrote to sheriff Smith of Lake City, Colo., and to sheriff Linton of the sheriffs' association. Together these officers began a system of detective work that resulted in the capture of Packer by sheriff Campbell in the first days of March. The manner of his capture is related as follows by an eye witness:

Bright and early on the day of the arrest Campbell, in company with his brother Dan, started after his man. Packer was at the time living with a man known as "Old Mose," at the foot of the hills on the Wagonmound, some miles from Fetterman. The story told by the Frenchman had become pretty well circulated by this time and the task undertaken by Campbell and his brother was regarded as a most dangerous one. They, however, proceeded alone and reached the hills in the afternoon. They had driven up on a hill near the house of "Old Mose," when they saw Packer coming towards them across the bottom land below. They were not seen by Packer until he had approached within two hundred yards of them and he, mistaking them for prospectors, did not take the alarm. He continued to walk toward them until within one hundred feet, when Campbell covered him with his revolver and told him to throw up his hands. Packer seemed to take it as a joke and came still nearer, smiling all the time, and finally said:

"What do you fellows mean?"

He was speedily informed on this point, Dan Campbell covering him with his gun and then the hands were elevated most becomingly. Dan Campbell continued to hold a bead on Packer while his brother went through his clothes in search of arms. He found the man totally unarmed, however, much to his surprise. When the search was concluded Packer was shackled and handcuffed and loaded in the wagon. Campbell then drove to the house of "Old Mose," where he secured Packer's gun and coat and after a few minutes' rest the party started at once for Fort Fetterman, reaching there that night, making a drive of sixty miles in one day.

From Fort Fetterman the prisoner was subsequently taken to Cheyenne, where he made the following statement to a newspaper reporter:

"My name is Al. Packer; I am from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, my family living five miles from the city. I left there in '63. I think I am somewhere near a cousin to Asa Packer. My relatives have nothing to do with my case; I don't want them to know anything; I don't know what the charge is against me, only from what the telegram said. I left Salt Lake City in '73 or '74 with a party. I remember Col. Adams and being at the Los Pinos Agency. I was the only man left out of a party of six that went out from the agency; we were out sixty or seventy days; we lived on buds and gum off the trees part of the time. When I got back I was arrested. I was at the agency when the Indians came in. Gen. Adams took my description when I came in and the route I took; that's all. I couldn't give the route exactly. I couldn't tell it now; I never made no statement; I've said more now than I ever did before. I plead guilty to the crime I am accused of."

"What?" cried the reporter.

"I mean I plead innocent, I did not murder the men. I may make a statement some time; I'll not do it now. I calculate to tell all. I escaped from arrest. I was in a cabin, prisoner; ten or a dozen men advised me to go. A key to the padlock and my shackles was given me and I got away. I was only a boy then. I am 33 now. If I'm to be hung I'm to be hung, but I'll make a statement at the right time. I lived in Colorado two years after I got off. I've been in the west ever since."

The Packer capture is the biggest event of the day in the western states. It again illustrates the truth that "murder will out." After nine years wandering, being under an assumed name, the perpetrator of this horrible crime is seen, recognized, arrested and sent to the scene of his bloody deeds and to his punishment.

THE VILEST DOG THAT LIVES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A burly young fellow named Jack Groater, residing sixty miles from Los Angeles, Cal., was caught by a party of prospectors, on the 3d of March, cowering a woman. He had brought his wagon to a halt in a gloomy out-of-the-way place, and taking out his old mother had tied her to a wheel and was laying on the strokes of the rawhide mercilessly. A half-breed was squatted near by, looking on stolidly with apparent satisfaction at the results of the Christian bringing up of the pale face. The screams of the wretched woman brought the party of prospectors to the rescue and Groater was overpowered, bound and taken back to be delivered up to the officers of the law, though there were several hot heads who advocated his summary stringing up to save law expenses. On the way back, however, he managed to loose his bonds and escape under cover of night. He is sought for, and it will go hard with him if he is caught. No excuse for his ill-treatment of his parent was advanced by the wretch while he was in custody.

Francis Warren Whittaker.

The face of genial "Pop" Whittaker is familiar to the sporting men of New York, and his fame as the "Champion Master of Ceremonies" has spread throughout the country. He was born in this city in 1818, and for many years was known as one of the most dashing circus riders in the United States. In England, Germany, and Australia, his performance attracted great attention, and he received many valuable presents from royalty in recognition of his skill. As a Master of Ceremonies he has no equal. In 1881 Mr. Whittaker lost his arm by an accident and narrowly escaped with his life. Courteous, obliging, and always good-natured, "Pop" has won the esteem of all who know him.

Benjamin S. Wright.

The subject of this sketch is one of the oldest and best known horsemen living. Years ago, when trotting was comparatively in its infancy, this gentleman owned some of the best equines upon the turf. With Fearnought he won, at Buffalo, the first \$10,000 purse ever offered for trotters, the horse getting a record of 2:23½. Shortly afterward \$10,000 was offered for the animal; it was promptly refused. The buyer said \$15,000, and friends of the owner counselled him to sell. He smiled blandly and shook his head; then \$20,000; he still answered "no!" Men said he was worse than crazy, but that same smile met them. It was \$25,000 or nothing. When he finally realized that amount his friends suddenly concluded he was the smartest among them. Mr. Wright owned also Jesse Wales and Darkness, that for a long time had the best team record. Mollie Morris, the Canadian converted pacer, was another of his winners, bringing him in earnings more, perhaps, than any other. She gained a record of 2:22½ and won many stubborn contests. Lothair, 2:29¼, was also his property, as was Western Fearnought. Mr. Wright was never a driver in a professional sense, but as a manager few, indeed, equal him. He is a large dealer in carriages, buggies, etc., in Minneapolis, but is still ever ready to purchase a good horse.

Cy Mounts.

The subject of our sketch is a resident of Bozeman, M. T., now of the sporting house of Pile & Mounts. He is well and favorably known in Montana, being one of the pioneers. He is called among the old timers Tin Belle, a "cog," he takes from the Crow nation. Mr. M. is a sporting man from "way back" and is one of the old "hangerson-for-all-she's-worth" kind. Being possessed of a great memory he is often

**"POP" WHITTAKER,**

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

[Photo. by John Wood, POLICE GAZETTE Photographer.]

called on to decide knotty points; in fact, he is considered a personified POLICE GAZETTE on sporting rules.

A Parson's Widow Cut Loose.

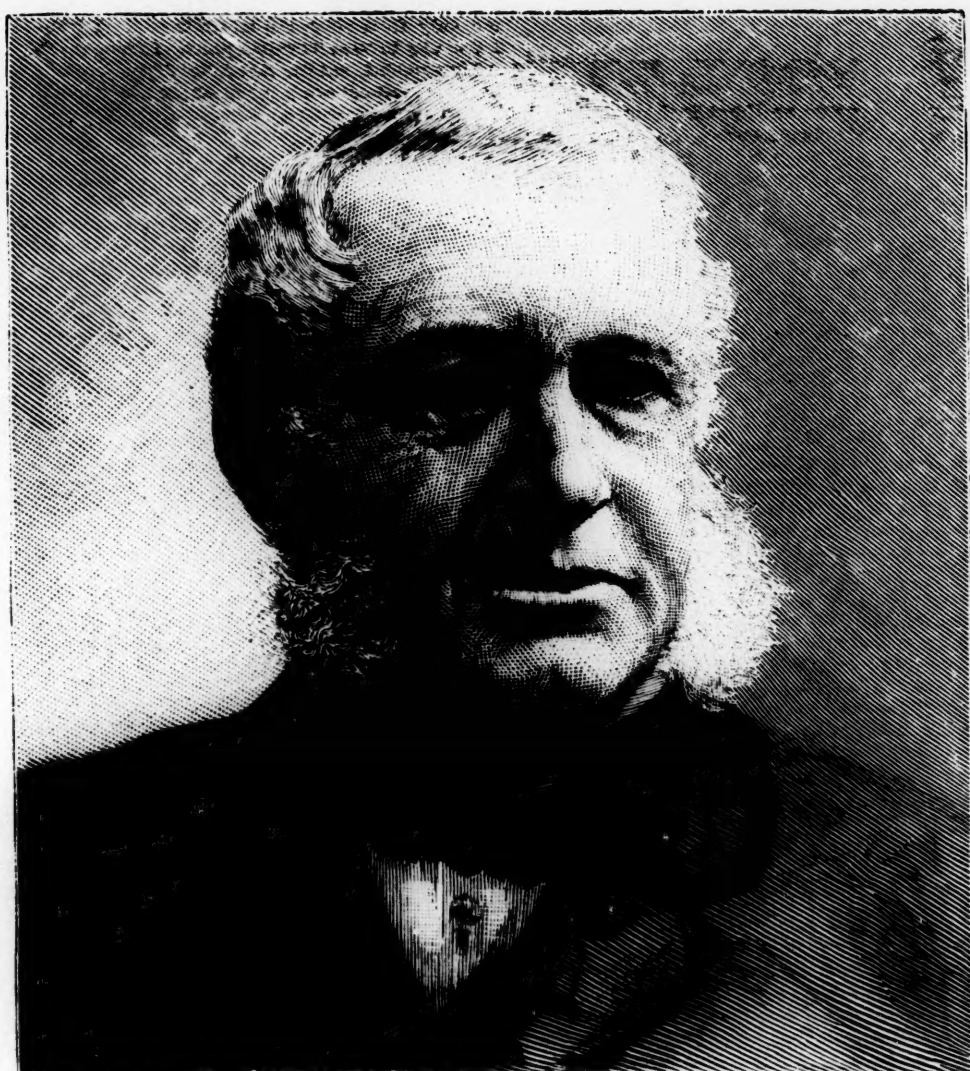
Mrs. Caroline Dewell, an eight weeks' widow of a Baptist minister who eloped from Honesdale, Pa., on Feb. 14 with Edward C. Simpson, leaving behind her five small children in a perfectly destitute condition, having on the day previous to her flight disposed of a farm, turning all into cash, returned on March 28, a sad and pitifully crushed woman. Her new husband deserted her in New York without a cent. She managed to pawn apparel sufficient to take her to Narrowsburg on the Erie railway, where she landed late at night, walking alone to her once happy home, a distance of fifteen miles, there to find that her little family of children, the youngest an infant, was scattered among strangers. The three youngest are in the poor house.

Indiana Belligerents.

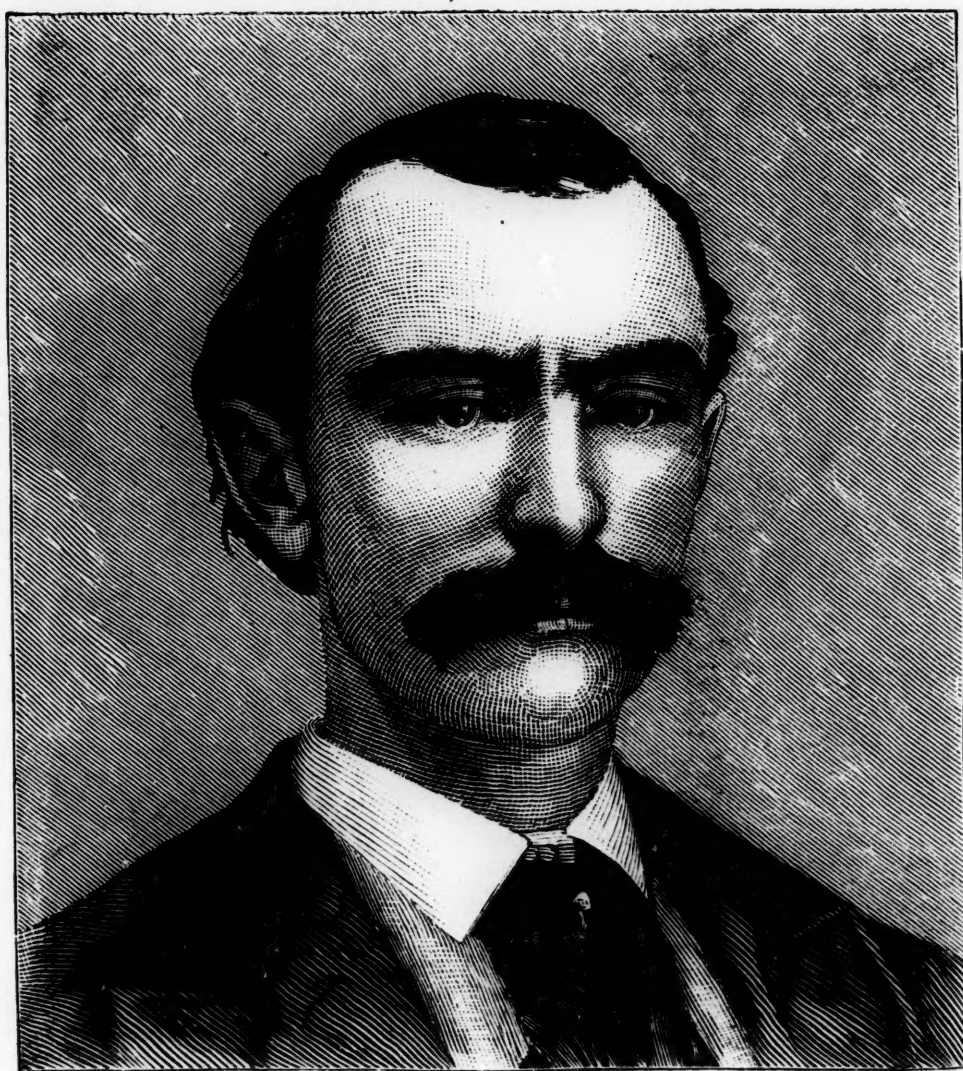
A probable fatal fight occurred at Bicknell, Ind., on the night of March 25. Archibald Scott, a desperate character, had some words with Joe Harper and struck at the latter with a knife, when Harper, perceiving that Scott meant bloody war, turned to run, firing his revolver at Scott three times in succession. One of the bullets cut the skin on his throat next to the jugular vein. Scott, in clearing out Harper, declared in language profane and furious that he was the best man in the country, whereupon Sam Beshear, a bystander, stepped up and swore Scott couldn't have that honor. Beshear pitched into Scott and commenced to pound him in an unmerciful manner and was only prevented from finishing his man on the spot by the spectators, who pulled him off. Scott was taken home and is in a very precarious condition. His recovery is very improbable.

Argo Hurries up His Wife's Inheritance

George H. Argo, a farmer, living near Marysville, O., was arrested and jailed there on March 26. Miss Nancy Rowe was a sister of his wife. Her body was found in 8 inches of water, in a creek between the Argo house and her home. Argo had previously sent for a neighbor, and said Nancy had left his house at 4 o'clock in the morning to go to her father's, and he feared she was drowned. The Coroner found evidence of choking. Miss Rowe was shortly to come into possession of some property by will, with the provision that in case of her death Argo's wife should receive it. Argo was arrested and a mob pursued the sheriff, trying to lynch him, but unsuccessfully.

**BENJAMIN S. WRIGHT,**

A VETERAN HORSEMAN OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**CY MOUNTS,**

A PIONEER AND FAMOUS SPORT OF BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

Scenes of Fiendish Torture.

A legend that discounts all the ghost stories of the modern class has wide-spread credence in New Orleans. It concerns a grim old-



F. BOURGEOIS.

CHIEF OF THE BELGIAN DETECTIVE FORCE.

[Photo. by Gambler.]

fashioned stone mansion on Royal street, where, it is said on veracious authority, the awful deeds that were perpetrated within its walls years ago are nightly re-enacted. And blood curdling acting it is, too, that lays away over any of your play acting effects. Talk about your ghosts—the air was thick with them, for the place was a perfect slaughter pen. The experience of a hardy trio who attempted to pass a night in the place several weeks since, and who came out half dead with horror, has revived the legend. They report having been witnesses of a ghostly performance in which ghostly babies were slaughtered by the dozens and tortured to death in a dark and noisome pit dug in the cellar of the house. The superstitious justify this ghost story of the scared ones by the following



THE BATTLE OF THE GARDEN FENCE.

TWO CRANKY RESIDENTS OF NEWPORT, R. I., QUARREL OVER THE BOUNDARIES OF THEIR ESTATES AND BATTLE ON THE DISPUTED LINE WITH GARDEN ROSE.

story of the house and its occupants: About fifty-five years ago this house belonged to a wealthy old French woman. She owned many slaves, and when she went to live in her Royal street residence she furnished some of the rooms in grand style. That this woman was a she-devil, who tortured her slaves, all the town was beginning to know. There was a deep well in the back yard in which it is said she hung the negroes, even to the little babies, suspending them by the arm so that the black, cold, foul-smelling water came up to their lips, and there they hung till almost dead. If they died in the water the body was weighted, the rope cut, and

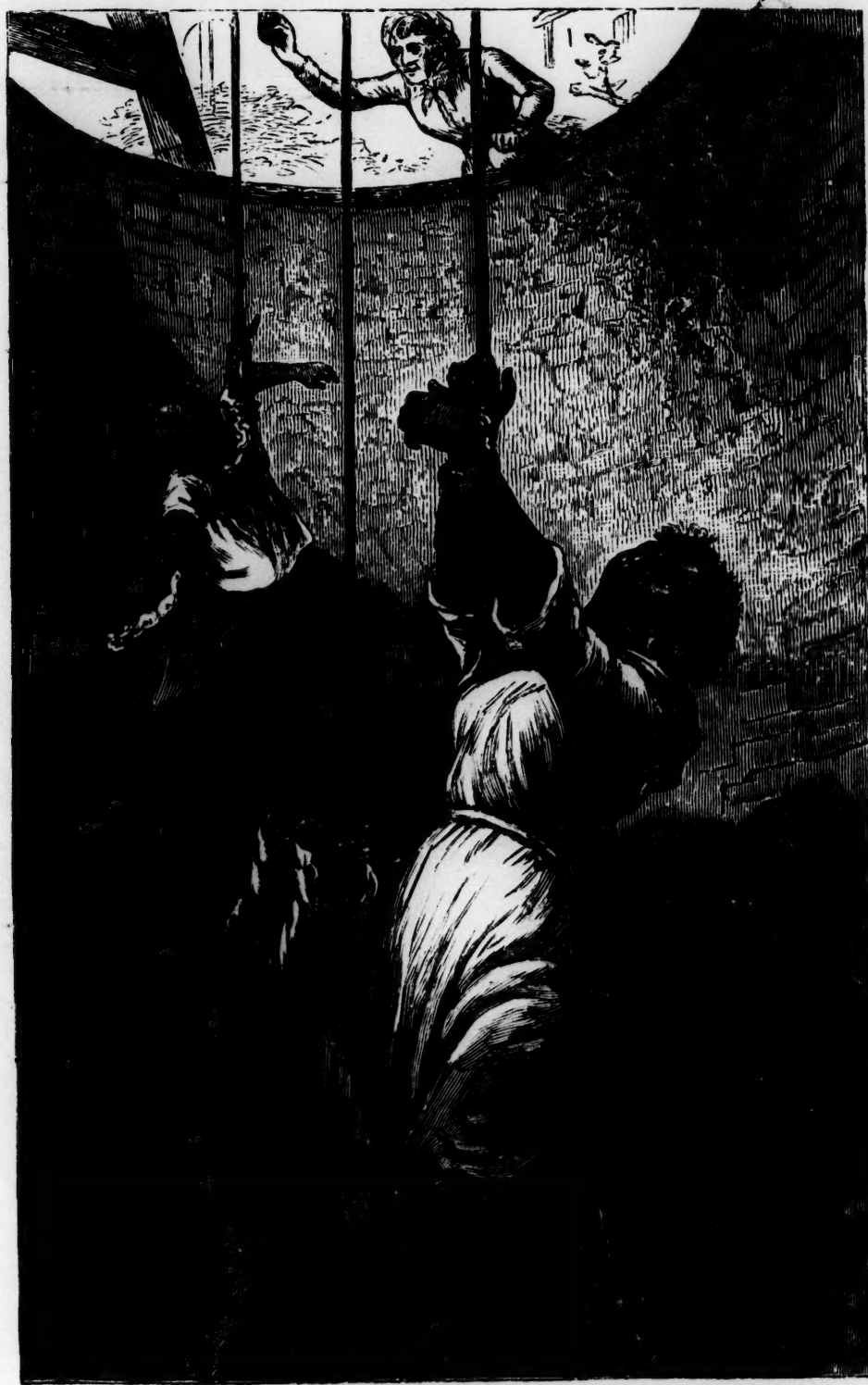
the poor, freed darkey sunk swiftly out of sight. In a room on the lower floor of the house she had built a sort of dungeon—a brick room inside of a brick room. It has one window with iron gratings across it, and is as black as any dungeon. The floors are full of murderous-looking stains, and if water is thrown upon them they come out blood-red. It was up in the garret, though, that the worst torturing was done. Here she used to take her negroes, tie them to the walls or nail them by the hands down to the floor, and then amuse herself by cutting off their ears, tearing out their nails and cutting out their tongues. One night there came a hoarse

roar blowing down Royal street, and soon a black crowd of human beings surrounded that stately, grim building, and the old French mistress heard her own name cried out above the tumult of the people with threats for her of the torture. She sprang down the oaken stairway, across the marble hall, past the dungeon, then full of festering wretches, past the well of water, and unloosing the heavily barred back gates, she made her way to the river side, crossed in a canoe, and finally escaped to France, where she afterwards died. They say the mob, after freeing the negroes, fairly gutted the house. The place lost ghostly interest until its recent revival.



IOLANTHE'S SLOGGING MATCH.

TWO RIVAL FAIRIES OF THE EMMA ABBOTT TROUPE DISPUTE THE RIGHT TO ANSWER IOLANTHE'S ENTRANCE CUE AT ST. JOE, MO.



SCENES OF FIENDISH TORTURE.

WHAT A PARTY OF BRAVE MEN SAW IN A WELL ON THE GROUNDS OF A HAUNTED HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE FEMALE SPORTS

OF
NEW YORK.

BY
ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER IV.

"QUEEN CLAUDE."

One midsommer night, about five years ago, a well known young broker and man about town, whom I will take the liberty of calling Jenkins, because that is not his name, was on his way back from Coney Island to the metropolis. He was making the journey by boat and the boat was crammed to the guards. Jenkins, finding the upper deck forward the most comfortable, took his place there among the standing crowd.

He became immediately conscious of uncongenial neighbors.

There were four of these, to wit, two men and as many women.

The men were big, overdressed and noisy. The women were not quite as big but more overdressed and noisier. Before the boat had been five minutes under way they had let everyone within earshot know that they had been "getting away with a basket of wine at the Brighton and they didn't care whether school kept or not."

Now Jenkins was a man of the world and a philosopher. He did not mind being inconvenienced, provided he could make money or extract amusement from the inconvenience. Consequently he submitted to being elbowed and jostled by these neighbors while he smiled at the ebullitions of their vanity and vulgarity.

Finally one of the women exclaimed:

"Oh, Lord, how tired I am!"

"So am I," observed her friend, "but I 'spose we might as well grin and bear it."

"Yes, there are so many gentlemen on this boat that there is no room for ladies."

This spiteful outburst was made in a loud voice for all to hear. Among those who evidently did hear was a charmingly dressed and very pretty woman who occupied a seat against the railing. She smiled and made some remark in French to the neatly attired servant woman at her side.

The latter replied and the pair laughed together.

"Seems to me some folks are awful funny," said No. 1.

No 2 sniffed and tossed her head.

"Well, what better can you expect from them low foreigners?" she asked.

"That's so, they don't know any better."

The lady and the servant exchanged another remark and laughed again.

This mirth evidently touched the complaining females on a sore spot. One turned red and swore to herself. The other remarked:

"Low French hussy."

Their male companions had been talking to each other and had not taken any note of the foregoing events. Now, however, they saw that something was up and one asked what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing," answered No. 1.

"You make a heap of fuss about it, then," he retorted.

"So would you."

"Why would I?"

"Because you would."

"Well, maybe so, but I could tell better if I knew what it was all about."

By this time the two ladies had reached that high state of indignation that they commenced to snifle and whine about being insulted on a public boat.

"Who insulted you?" demanded one of their escort.

"Oh, never you mind," was the retort.

"But I do mind. Who was it?"

"Her."

And the indignant sufferer nodded towards the French lady and dissolved into tears. The two men were nonplussed for a moment. Then one of them advanced to the lady with the servant.

"I say, ma'am," he began.

The lady looked up with a startled face. But before she could reply a voice behind the speaker said:

"You say what?"

"I'm not talking to you, young fellow," was the answer.

"But I am to you. If you say another word to this lady I'll—"

"You'll what?" interrupted the other, making a playful grab for Jenkins' nose.

"This," answered that gentleman.

And the grabber fell prostrate on the deck.

Not only prostrate, but stunned, for Jenkins was a sport and hard hitter. The fallen man's friend advanced to avenge him but a chorus of dangerous cries broke out on every side:

"Served him right."

"He ought to have been thrown overboard."

"The dirty bully deserved it."

The second man halted at this menacing outburst. Then he hauled his friend to his feet, cursing half under his breath, and dragged him to a corner. The women followed him and the hubbub died down.

"Oh, sir," murmured the lady in French, which Jenkins understood perfectly, "how can I thank you?"

"By not thanking me at all."

"But—"

"Don't mention it. Anyone else would have done what I did."

"But you did it. Still if you do not wish it—"

"I don't."

"Then let us talk about the weather."

That night Mr. Jenkins did not return home. In the morning he was aroused by the tinkle of an electric bell. As he sat up in bed a woman's voice called to him in French:

"At what hour will you breakfast, sir?"

The inquiry came from a door covered by a heavy

hanging of elaborate Persian embroidery. Jenkins answered mechanically, as he looked around him:

"At ten o'clock."

Soft footsteps died away outside.

Our friend was in a small but splendidly furnished bedroom. The very air was redolent of luxury. He pushed aside bed curtains of old lace and threw back a coverlid of satin on which arabesques were worked in gold. His foot touched a fox skin mat at the bedside and looking down he saw a pair of crimson slippers, Oriental and gorgeous, awaiting him.

"Well, 'pon my soul," he murmured "I remember the last bottle at the Brunswick, but this calls the turn on me."

There was a curtained doorway opposite the one from which the voice had addressed him. It led into a bathroom, all brilliant with Venetian mirrors framed in burnished brass, and toilet trappings of silver and ivory. At the opposite end of the bathroom was another curtain. Jenkins pushed it aside and a gust of perfume fanned his face and almost took his breath away.

The room was furnished in pink satin and lace. In the centre towered a bed of brass, with hangings of pink silk and lace. There was a fireplace near the head of the bed and stretched on a tiger skin rug before it, her lithe form dimly veiled by her night robe of pale rose colored cashmere, a woman lay puffing at a cigarette.

"Ah," she said, as the intruder stopped upon the threshold, "you are awake, eh?"

And she opened her white arms with a sweep at once graceful and alluring, a sweep which seemed to invite him to their embrace.

When Jenkins and his hostess breakfasted he noticed on the wall of the dining room a large water color portrait of an old man. The original must have been a stately and commanding personage. As he looked at the picture Claudine (for so she called herself) asked him, smiling:

"Have you ever seen a picture of him before?"

"The face seems certainly familiar to me."

"But can you recognize it?"

Jenkins looked and shook his head.

"It seems to me I saw—but no. The man he looks like is a king."

"And so is he; a king whose successor you are."

And she upset the coffee over his new nineteen dollar pants, as she foiled him in her arms.

Claudine spoke truly, though perhaps extravagantly, and her history is part of the sensational records of the time.

Ten years ago, Henry Monnier conducted a table d'hôte and lodging house on Clinton Place. His diners were partaken of daily by numerous members of foreign and domestic Bohemian circles. Ladies as well as gentlemen figured among them. Finally there arrived at M. Monnier's house a young man who had just landed from a French steamer. He bore a letter to M. Monnier from the Countess de Charmieux, in whose family M. Monnier had served for ten years as chef previous to his emigration to America.

The letter introduced the bearer as an ex-valet of the Count de Charmieux, a young man of reliability and many moral excellences, who desired to push his fortunes in the new world, and requested M. Monnier to do his best by him. Only too happy to oblige his noble patroness, M. Monnier installed young Mr. Bert in the best room in the house, and gave him the run of the pantry and the cellar without money and without price.

The young gentlemen did immediate justice to his entertainment. He soon became a general favorite. The gentlemen liked him, and the ladies adored him. The servants had the best of words for him at all times.

If he seriously intended to push his fortunes, he adopted an easy-going method of performing that operation, for he never went out except to promenade and to visit the theatre. He explained this by the fact that he was ignorant of English, and did not intend to venture forth into the world until he had mastered that tongue. Pending that period his bill with M. Monnier ran on, amplified by loans he negotiated from time to time, until it amounted to over \$400. When M. Monnier approached him, with all possible delicacy, with a view to a settlement, he repulsed him with disdain and borrowed \$50 more from him for his temerity.

Finding it impossible to extract a settlement from Mr. Bert, M. Monnier wrote to the Countess, detailing the circumstances under which her protégé had made his debut in the new world. This letter was mailed and in due time the following mysterious cablegram was received by M. Monnier:

"Detain the young man by all means, till further notice. CHARMIEUX."

The duty thus imposed on M. Monnier was not a difficult one, for the young man evinced no disposition to depart of his own accord. He had struck up a close friendship with a young Belgian, a portrait painter employed by a leading photographer, and they had become almost inseparable. The few hours a day they were not together Mr. Bert spent with a well-known vocalist of the feminine gender who boarded at the house. The only times Mr. Bert was absent from the house over night were an occasion on which he spent a week in Washington with the portrait painter, and two trips to Boston and Philadelphia respectively with his lady friend, who journeyed to those cities to fulfil engagements.

Otherwise he was always indoors by midnight, though he frequently sat up for hours after that, carousing on beer and smoking cigarettes with his artist friend. Altogether, the young man was both eccentric and dissipated in his habits. He had queer likes and dislikes, both for persons and objects, and it was no secret to any one in the house that he drank more than was good for him.

At last the crash came. Young Mr. Bert was spending the afternoon in a repentant mood over his previous night's enjoyment, when a carriage deposited an elderly lady and gentleman of aristocratic appearance at M. Monnier's door. They were promptly closeted with M. Monnier, and for a long time. Then they proceeded to Mr. Bert's room.

The lodger in the next room heard a most remarkable uproar in the neighboring apartment, which ended by the report of a pistol. He ran out into the hall, and saw Mr. Bert on the floor of his room with a pistol in his hand. A lady was kneeling beside him, crying out in great excitement while a gentleman with a stern expression of countenance looked down upon the pair, leaning against the mantelpiece. When he saw the lodger outside the gentleman hastily closed the door in his face.

A couple of hours later the pair, with Mr. Bert between them, departed in a carriage. Next day an express man came for Mr. Bert's trunk. M. Monnier,

when asked about the matter, only replied, with a smile, that the young gentleman was a runaway; that his parents had come to fetch him home, and that his (M. Monnier's) bill had been paid in full.

The portrait painter, four days after the departure of his young friend, left the house too. A month later the Paris *Figaro* contained, among other articles, the following romantic though brief story, headed:

"IN LOVE WITH LIBERTY."

"Mlle. Claudine, daughter of the well-known speculator, the Count de Charmieux, was arrested night before last at the Belgian frontier upon a dispatch from a Prefecture of the Seine, on complaint of her father that she was evading his authority. Mlle. Charmieux is the same young lady whose wilful escapades were the talk of society less than a month ago. Educated in the Convent of the Ursulines, at Sennece, she early developed an eccentric and independent spirit. In September of last year she evaded the watchfulness of a companion with whom she was making a visit to her parents in Paris, and when next heard of was masquerading in the attire of the ruder sex in a pension conducted by one of our compatriots on the aristocratic (sic) Clinton avenue, New York. She represented herself there as her father's secretary, and presented for her endorsement a forged letter in her mother's name. Our honest Monnier received her with vast hospitality, but becoming alarmed at the amount of her indebtedness acquainted her mother with it by letter. In response to this communication the count and countess crossed the Atlantic, and descended upon their recreant offspring in all the enjoyment of her counterfeit freedom. In the excitement attendant upon the unexpected reunion, Mlle. Charmieux endeavored to take her life after the popular American fashion, (sic) with a revolver, but failed. Brought back to Paris she remained for some days docile and compliant enough, but upon Saturday last, while on her way to mass with the countess' maid, she suddenly ran down a side street and disappeared. The police traced her to the Cafe Charlemagne, near the School of Medicine, where she had been in company with a young man, thence to two hotels, and finally to the frontier. Her companion is stated to be an admirer who has followed her from America, one Regnier by name, an artist and pupil of the lamented Zamacois, who for some years has been established in New York."

A year later the same paper chronicled the escape from a nunnery at Orleans of the same heroine, and this time it did not report her capture, for she was never captured.

And for the best of reasons.

This time she had found a protector whom even the police dared not interfere with. She was no longer conferring her favors on people whom she benefited, but on people who benefited her.

The old roue king in said to have fallen in with her at the little village across the frontier, where she had taken refuge after her flight. The king himself had left his kingdom for a run into a foreign one on a private shooting trip. He wound his campaign up by bringing home a mistress.

Claudine was installed in a little palace in the suburb of the royal capital. She had a small army of attendants provided for her, and her royal lover held court beside her oftener than beside his legitimate queen. When he was not around his mistress ran a little court of her own, composed of the most brilliant literary and artistic Bohemians of the kingdom.

It was a queer, mad court, presided over by a queer, mad ruler. Indeed the existence she led was more like that of a play than of real life. At first only the scandal of the little kingdom, it became at last a scandal to all Europe. Then the besotted old king's advisers took the matter in hand.

He made a gallant fight for his mistress, but an unavailing one. Her banishment was decreed, but in order to get rid of her easily a pension of a hundred thousand francs a year was settled upon her.

She went to Paris with it, but the pressure at the home office forced her off the continent and she finally settled in London. After a year there, having tired of England, a fancy to revisit the scene of her early exploits and adventures took possession of her and she crossed to New York.

Here she settled down to a life of luxury such as her income permitted her to enjoy, a life which she was enjoying when chance sent our friend Jenkins in her way as a champion and friend.

And, singularly enough, Jenkins is her friend and champion still.

Years of intimacy have not impaired his fidelity, nor, as far as I know, hers. You see them everywhere; at races, balls and theatres. Their box at the opera is always occupied on gala nights; they have their special table at the Brunswick. A cottage at Long Branch enshrines their loves during the dog days, and in midwinter they enjoy a periodical run to Florida, the Bahamas or Bermuda. Their lives, such as they are, run a pleasant course indeed. How long they will continue their unruffled life remains to be seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RED-HOT BOY.

His Feet Heat Cold Water to the Boiling Point in a Few Minutes.

It is true they raise a prime article of llar in Jersey and that the snake story season now opening is likely to give the championship, as usual, to that state. Yet when we read the following in the North Carolina papers we begin to think the champion belt is going to be transferred to a point farther south. The story comes from Charlotte, N. C., and is gravely told in the following terms:

Mr. A. M. Wilhelm of No. 10 township, Cabarrus county, passed through Concord on Monday night, March 5, with his sick son John, aged 20 years, on the way to Salisbury to consult Dr. Wilhelm in regard to the extraordinary malady with which his son was afflicted.

It is a most peculiar case and the disease is what the doctors term "hyperaesthesia." An ordinary bathing tub can be filled with cold water and the boy's feet placed therein and in less than ten minutes the water will be made so hot that one can feel the heat through the staves of the tub. The boy suffers agony as if he had his feet in a bed of coals all the time, and was carried from his father's house to Salisbury with his feet in a tub of water. Between his house and Concord Mr. Wilhelm had to change the water four times and shortly after being changed each time it would become hot again. At times the pain suffered by the boy is almost beyond endurance. Morphine used in treble doses has no effect upon him but at times whiskey is used to good advantage. He has been suffering about one month.

BLOODS BATTLING.

Four Wealthy Club Men Indulge in Two Glove Fights at Far Rockaway.

The manly art is no longer disreputable, thanks to the efforts of the POLICE GAZETTE, and to-day boxing is a healthful pastime which finds favor with our best citizens. A pugilistic encounter in which two well known club men of this city figured on the evening of March 24, is another evidence of the firm hold which boxing has taken on what are known as the "upper circles." On the night named, Mr. Edward W. Saportas and Mr. Pierre La Montagne, wealthy members of the Far Rockaway Hunt, met in the dancing hall of the kennels and had a glove fight.

The Far Rockaway kennels consist of several wooden buildings scattered over an acre of ground which lies to the west of Far Rockaway, and is about midway between it and the Breezy Point. A year ago a one story brick structure was built, just back of the main building, which contains the club's meeting rooms and club room. It is thirty by sixty feet, and was intended for a dancing hall. It was in this building that Mr. Saportas and Mr. La Montagne tried conclusions, and it is said that other gentlemen have used it for similar purposes. It is a handsome room, with a high ceiling from which hang twenty Chinese lanterns of different colors and patterns. At one end is a large blackboard arranged for the record of athletic contests. To the left of this building are the stables, and on the right are the kennels. The main building is handsomely fitted up. A rich red carpet covers the floor of the meeting room, and over the mantelpiece hangs a massive plate glass mirror. A piano stands in a corner. The kennels are isolated. In the summer season they are much frequented by the members, but in cold weather are only occasionally visited. At present the stables hold only a few horses, and the kennels are occupied by puppies, the three packs of hounds which were formerly there having been removed to the quarters of the Queens County Kennel Club.

Several muscular clubmen, the pride of Fifth avenue, were present at the meeting. Fred May seconded La Montagne and Jack Cheever, of No. 89 Fifth avenue, attended to Saportas. Mr. Saportas and his friends arrived from New York on the 4:30 train. Mr. La Montagne came an hour later. Mr. Saportas weighs 170 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches tall. Mr. La Montagne is taller and is not quite so heavy. He is not as muscular as Mr. Saportas, but it was thought that he possessed more science. Before stripping for the encounter the men smoked several cigarettes and received instructions from their seconds. The POLICE GAZETTE representative was the only newspaper man present, and he acted as referee.

In the first round Mr. La Montagne followed these tactics and made a very brisk fight, compelling Mr. Saportas to act on the defensive. In the next round he was also very active and delivered several telling blows, but received punishment in return. In the third round he delivered a strong left-hander, which took effect on his adversary's right eye, and again struck him a neck blow, after the manner of Mr. John L. Sullivan, which, Mr. Saportas said later, made him see stars. The fourth round was a give and take, in which it soon became evident that Mr. La Montagne had been too energetic in the early part of the fight. In the fifth round Mr. Saportas was the aggressor, and showed that he possessed superior staying powers. His first really effective blow was a right hander, delivered straight from the shoulder, and landing full on Mr. La Montagne's left side just below the heart. Mr. La Montagne went down, and for the remainder of the mill showed his punishment.

He was knocked down again in the ninth round, but came to time for the tenth. He then put more spirit into his sparring, and made a good fight until Mr. Saportas delivered a left-handed cross-counter, which took him in the neck. The sponge was then thrown up on his behalf and Mr. Saportas was declared the victor. Both men were well punished and took their medicine gamely.

In deference to the wishes of the gentlemen present, Fred May and E. N. Dickerson, Jr., a lawyer, put on the gloves. The men are heavy-weights and clever amateur boxers. Two hot rounds were fought, each man scoring a knock-down. Mr. Dickerson was not in good condition, having eaten too heartily in the afternoon, and he did not come to time for the third round. The evening's sport was not marred by any display of bad blood.

A TEXAS SCRIMMAGE.

A Couple of Men Open Fire "for Fun," and a Murder Ensues.

They have still strange ways of enjoying themselves in the Lone Star State. For instance, on Saturday, March 17, two young men, James Savage and Jerome Shoemaker, met in Burlington, Montague county, when the former drew a revolver and began shooting at the latter, who in turn drew his pistol. Several shots were exchanged, when Shoemaker fell dead, pierced with several bullets, the mortal one of which was through the head, the ball having taken effect just below the eye. At this juncture Pat Ritchie, a friend of Shoemaker's, came up and began to shoot at Savage, who returned the fire, killing Ritchie, but not without receiving several slight wounds himself. Pat was at one time a notorious character in the west, but had been on his good behavior for some time previous to the trouble in which he lost his life. He said he was preparing to go back home. His real name was never known, Pat Ritchie being an alias. From the wildest and most reckless character he had quieted down to a peaceable citizen. He was not prepared for a fight when he was shot, but he saw an old friend shot down and he instantly proceeded to avenge his death. The cause of the trouble between Savage and Shoemaker is not known but then no cause is necessary for a fight in Texas.

A WOMAN IN IT, AS USUAL.

[With Portrait.]

Walter S. Johnson, an employee of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railroad Co., stationed at Columbus, O., recently disappeared from the scene of his daily labors. An investigation was made into his accounts which ended in the pleasing discovery that he had embezzled some \$20,000. John T. Norris, the Columbus detective who has been placed on the case, offers a liberal reward for the absconder's apprehension. As usual, a woman is at the bottom of the case, and a very pretty woman at that. Johnson spent \$120 alone procuring her a dozen finely embroidered night shirts. He was evidently of an aesthetic turn of mind.

MURDER WILL OUT.

How a Montana Murderer Made Evidence Against Himself.

Convicted by a Footprint Found in the Clay at the Scene of His Crime.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The rough miners of Secret Gulch, Montana, have finished off Lent with a characteristic execution of justice. There was a character of Silver Bow Canon, near by, one Jim Murphy, who had a reputation that men only whispered to each other. He was a hard case and they told many stories of his awful deeds, the principal of which was the horrible murder of a Frenchman at Cut Throat Gulch in '49. The details of this affair were considered so horrible as to be quite beyond the descriptive powers of the best talkers in the camp. The peculiarity about Murphy, next to his dark scowl and forbidding looks, was his feet. They were peculiarly large and misshapen. He left tracks that a child might identify.

Everyone knew of this murder but no one dared accuse Murphy. So he has grown rich and happy. There was a Vigilance Committee in full organization in Secret Gulch, too; but it didn't order him to leave town nor appear at his cabin at midnight to invite him to a necktie surprise party. Oh, no; for Jim Murphy was a member of the Vigilance Committee himself, and as for the sheriff, that official was afraid to take any steps whatever without his counsel and assent. One morning in the latter part of March, 1883, the body of Dave Jones, a miner, was found shockingly carved up—slashed all to pieces with a bowie knife—in the little cabin where he had crawled after a hard day's work in the mine. A correspondent describes the murder, its causes and results in the following terms:

Dave had been working his tunnel for nearly three months under a lease from Jim Murphy, giving him the privilege of purchase for a mere trifle within ninety days. He never recorded his lease, said but little about it, and as the time for it to expire drew near worked from early morning until far into the night in desperation. Until a day or two before his murder he had taken out mere waste or decomposed rock worth nothing, not enough to pay for its working. That day he had struck it rich and uncovered two feet of chlorides running up into the thousands, and giving him a fortune at once. The mine could be sold without another stroke of the pick for a thousand times as much as he could buy it for from Jim Murphy under the terms of his lease. But where is the lease? Some say he had none, and that his accidental death restores the whole thing to Jim Murphy. Dave never having gotten a deed. What say the fast gathering groups of miners, who are tearing the ruins piece from piece in search of the lease, which they will swear Dave had? They must have found it, for the crowd, thick about one spot as bees about a hive, give a wild yell, and quickly close their ranks so as to exclude the sheriff's gang, who are in a minority, and stand moodily by wondering what the end will be and when it will come.

In a moment one of the miners had stooped down, drawn a line in the soft earth around the print of a very peculiar boot-heel and called for a spade. In these places spades are handy, and the ranks are soon closed again as he cautiously sinks the spade around a square foot of earth in the boggy cabin floor, lifts it cautiously out, puts it into a box, in which it fits accurately, and with a wild yell moves away, carefully surrounded by half a hundred miners, down the canon. They reply to no questions from the eager outsiders who hang on their flanks and rear. They defy the sheriff's gang, who, with black brows and hands suspiciously near hip pockets, follow them to camp.

At last the miners stop on Main street in front of the sheriff's saloon. They separate and leave an irregular, open space in their midst, in the center of which stands Big Bill with the box in his hand. They lock arms all around the open and let no one else in. Six of them go toward the door of the saloon, kick it open, and with the whole crowd, yell for Jim Murphy. Another still more savage yell brings him out, defiant, pale, with a deadly glitter in his snaky eye and an extra tone of insolence in his disguised voice. He comes to the edge of the crowd, where an opening is made in the inner circle, and demands what is wanted of him. A dozen strong arms seize him, drag him into the opening, close the ring, and fifty voices cry: "Off with your boots." Jim turns green and white with rage, but his pistols are useless, for nervous muscles pinion him like steel bands. He is caught, swung up in the air, held high for all to see, and each boot is pulled off.

Amid low curses of rage, thick false soles of cork are removed from the inside, the heels are measured and found just three inches, all told; the cover is taken from the box of earth, the left boot fitted to an impress of that peculiar heel, and, in a voice which breaks down all opposition, Big Bill brandishes aloft the other boot and says:

"Jim Murphy, in spite of the sheriff, I arrest you for the murder of Dave Jones." An ear splitting volley of oaths, yells and shrieks rents the air. "Hold on, boys," says Bill; "Jim Murphy, I arrest you, in spite of the sheriff, for the murder of the Frenchman, in Cut Throat Flat, on the Sacramento, in '49. I was there. Put him in jail, boys, and in two weeks his hair and whiskers will be red as beets."

Jim Murphy is in jail, and Big Bill and the boys are waiting for his hair to turn red. He'll hang either by law or without—that they are determined on.

OVER THE GARDEN FENCE.

Two Stubborn Newport Cottagers Have a Row Over the Boundary of Their Estates.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For some time there has been trouble between Walter Sherman, dry goods merchant on Thames street, Newport, R. I., and George B. Hazard, a capitalist, owning an estate adjoining that of Sherman's, Hazard claiming that the fence dividing the two estates takes in two or three inches of his land. On several occasions Hazard has attempted to pull down the fence, when Sherman would appear on the scene and shower water upon him from a hose. One morning Hazard repeated his attempt at the fence and Sherman was playing lustily on him from the hose, when Hazard picked up a brick and threw it at Sherman, but missed his mark. There were about five hun-

dred citizens watching the proceedings, keeping Thames street blockaded for hours, but the throwing of the brick broke the spell and Hazard was dragged to the station house for assault. Both men are proud citizens but Sherman has not the sympathy of the crowd at all.

Sherman, thinking he had got his adversary safely caged, left the field of battle for an hour or so. When he returned he found Hazard on the premises and the fence separating the two estates torn away, whereupon he brought out his water hose and kept Hazard at bay while an employee rebuilt the fence. Sherman then had a warrant served on Hazard for trespass. Hazard was arrested by the sheriff and locked up in jail. Vanquished for the time but not disheartened, in an hour's time he had procured bail, got out a warrant for Sherman's arrest and was on the field of battle in time to see the sheriff take Sherman. But before he could get fairly at work again Sherman was also out on bail. A man has been detailed by Sherman to guard this fence by night and see that no one disturbs it. On the other hand, Hazard has hired a man who promises every night to have the fence down before morning. The estates in question front on the main street and the scenes described were witnessed by hundreds.

A TRAGEDY OF THE HEART.

An Aged Mother Falls Dead on Finding Her Young Daughter in the Penitentiary.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A tragic tableau in real life—something in the line of the romances of the stage. A young and pretty girl named Kitty Burns disappeared from her home in Jersey City several weeks since. It was known that she had gone to New York, but although the city was hunted high and low, even the Morgue being visited, no trace of her could be found. The poor old mother of the missing girl was about to give up the search and return home when the compassionate keeper of the Morgue suggested that the object of the search might be found in one of the hospitals. On Tuesday, March 20, the old lady made a formal visit to all the hospitals, and finally to the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. The register of patients was scanned and each patient in the female wards was scrutinized but the missing one was not there. Mrs. Burns remarked despairingly as she left the place:

"It's no use; I can never find her."

The orderly who was her escort remarked that perhaps the girl might be found among the prisoners in the Penitentiary. The old lady scouted this idea, but on second thoughts decided to visit that institution. The name sought was not on the register, but there was a young prisoner who answered the description, though the matron thought it could not be the one, as this was a thief. She was sent for, however, while Mrs. Burns waited.

In a few moments the matron ushered in a girl arrayed in the convict stripes, asking, "Is this your daughter?" The eyes of the lady met those of the convict girl. She half arose from her seat, suddenly clasped her hand to her left side over her heart, and gasping out "It is," dropped to the floor unconscious. The mother had found her daughter. The girl stooped down to help her parent, but all efforts failed to restore her to consciousness. Immediately Dr. Holsten, of the Charity Hospital, was called, and he at once pronounced the woman as dead "from heart failing and hemorrhage."

Mr. Burns, who had been notified, upon arriving at the Penitentiary to claim the body of his dead wife was overcome at also finding his only daughter an inmate of the place. The meeting of the girl and father over the prostrate form of their dead loved one was exceedingly affecting. The young woman had been sentenced on March 6 (the day of her disappearance) to three months in the Penitentiary for larceny. It was her first crime.

A POPULAR HERO.

The Slayer of Haverstick Released by the Law and Cheered by the Public.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An unusual scene was witnessed in and in front of the New York Tombs on March 27. After a heated argument between the opposing lawyers, George W. Conkling, the slayer of his sister's seducer, was honorably discharged by Justice Smith. The decision was scarcely announced when all the spectators arose to their feet and manifested their approval by loud cheers, clapping of the hands and throwing of hats in the air. No attempt was made to subdue the uproarious applause, which was continued for several minutes and until Conkling had received the congratulations of many friends and left the Tombs.

He immediately repaired to the office of Howe & Hummel, where his sister was awaiting the result of the hearing. An affecting scene ensued between them, both shedding tears of joy as they were clasped in a close embrace. After becoming somewhat composed the reunited brother and sister entered a carriage and were driven to the residence of Colonel King in West 24th street, from whence they will probably take their departure to their Nevada home in the course of a few days.

KNOCKED OUT IN ONE ROUND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The revival of popular interest in the manly art has reached Fifth avenue and aristocratic New York, male and female, now puts on the gloves and exhibits its skill in the luxurious sanctity of boudoir and drawing-room as freely as it rehearses a german or gets up a tableau vivant. The scene we illustrate gives pictorial expression to a little episode of an up-town mansion which is now the talk of the clubs. The principals in it were two charming sisters whose sweethearts had infected them with a mania for the exercise they themselves were experts in. The result, according to the story, was a match, whose results may be best inferred from the fact that neither of the fair combatants made their appearance at Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball.

BOURGEOIS, THE FAMOUS BELGIAN DETECTIVE.

[With Portrait.]

This officer, a famous one in Belgium, was lately sent to New York to take charge of the money and Canon Bernard, the cleric who had got away with a large sum and who was run down finally by Inspector Byrnes' reward men. The best man of the Belgian force was sent to finish off the minor details of the difficult case that Byrnes' men had so ably worked up—a compliment they merited.

GOING FOR "BIG MONEY."

Millions of Dollars Demanded From the "Police Gazette" for Damaged Reputations.

It is becoming quite a fashion, this going to law for money compensation for damages to reputations through the columns of a newspaper. The POLICE GAZETTE has been settled on by the people who are hungry for boodles, as the richest and newest and most promising mine to work. They have crossed our path in the hope that we would administer even a furtive kick or only spatter them with the mud of the dirty highway as our dainty chariot rolled by. Well, some of them have been bespattered, just as they wished, and are trying to preserve the stains long enough to make them realize handsome sums. They haven't realized yet—the nearest approach to it was the case of the bad actor who sued us for \$10,000, and who, after pleading with tears in his eyes, received from us a gift of five dollars to pay his fare to Albany. The thing hasn't paid thus far, but still they are at it, and libel suits for enormous amounts bristle all around us. The last to join the band is the sprightly Clara Belle, New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and she strikes us heavy. Here's her declaration of war in that paper of Sunday, March 25:

"Folks talk about Lillian dreadfully. But I'm not going to utter a word of detraction. There is a strong bond of sympathy between us. She has sued that nasty POLICE GAZETTE, and I mean to do the same thing. The editor of that awful journal printed something scandalous about the cause of her recent illness, and she wants \$20,000 damages. I shall demand \$1,000,000 on account of the more outrageous character of the offense in my case. When people write to demand a retraction of a newspaper statement, they always begin with 'my attention has been called to this or that'; but I trust that I may be believed when I declare that I am not a regular reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, and that its onslaught was actually brought to my notice by a third party. This is what I read: 'Clara Belle has been gushing lately over Mary Anderson. She goes into raptures over her costume as the statue in "Pygmalion and Galatea." To look at the class of women who haunt the private offices of the theatres, begging dead-head tickets, one would suppose that the great-grandmothers of some literary era had been mummied by some process that would preserve the vital spark as well as the shriveled flesh.' Now, isn't that infamous! I never used a dead-head ticket in my life. My escort always provides me with seats. As for my age and appearance, I am ready to put myself in evidence before a jury. Is \$1,000,000 too much? Lillian and I are going hand in hand for vengeance."

CLARA BELLE.

Let's figure up this legal branch of POLICE GAZETTE journalism. The account of suits brought against us during six months runs this way:

Clara Belle (because we mentioned mummies in the same paragraph with her).....	\$1,000,000
Lillian Russell (because we tried to be paternal and pat her on the head and give her good advice).....	20,000
Billy Penn, of Philadelphia, (because we said the party who played the old Quaker at the celebration acted with too much spirit).....	50,000
Frawley (the alleged fighter—because he got licked and we gave the stakes to Norton, the winner) wants them back with lawyers' fees and things.....	500
Sammy of the Entrails (who resents our cruelty in sitting on him, and threatens to have no bowels of compassion for us, whatever be his personal and private endowments in that respect.) He, too, wants 1,000,000	
Then comes Old Sillie, who thinks our give away of his apprenticeship to the fish cleaning business and betrayal of his peculiar and original methods of training young talent for the stage, should also net him a clear.....	1,000,000
There are several small fry scattered over the State, in Rochester and elsewhere, whose demands are more modest, and may be lumped together as "scattering" at.....	50,000

Here's a nice array, indeed. Total.....\$3,120,500 and other branches of the dramatic profession yet to be heard from. We've got the money all ready. The only thing to be done now is for these people to come and get it. We're nothing if not obliging, and there's no use in making a fuss over such a small matter as three or four millions. Col. Spencer is the POLICE GAZETTE disbursing agent in this branch of our business, and he will accommodate all claimants with his usual urbanity. They'll be sure to have their claims settled by the Colonel—our word for that. Walk right up and put in your claims. All we have belongs to you specimens of damaged humanity. Of course. Just come on and take it. We'll begin with counting out this trifle of three millions and odd. We're just the party to do that without a kick. We're too polite to kick. All you've got to do is to say "Boo!" and we give up handsomely. Try it.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

THE Rev. Benjamin E. Bowen, a former pastor of the Baptist Church in Cattaraugus county, New York, reappeared among his former flock on Friday, March 16, and made a violent assault upon George H. Babcock, a member of the church. He was arrested, but upon his signing a paper confessing that he had made the assault, and had threatened to kill Babcock, and using language unbecoming a preacher, and binding himself not to repeat the assault or threats, Babcock withdrew his complaint. The next morning, however, Bowen did repeat the assault, and he was re-arrested. This time he was compelled to give a bond in \$200 to keep the peace before he was released. The assaults on Babcock were in revenge for an inquiry instituted by Babcock into many questionable offenses committed by Bowen in other towns where he had been in charge of churches. He at one time committed a serious assault upon his wife, and she consulted a lawyer in Randolph, a former adherent of Bowen through all his troubles, with the intention of securing a divorce from her husband, but as yet proceedings have not been commenced, although the lawyer has been to New York seeking evidence alleged to exist as to Bowen's conduct during his seven week's stay in this city in 1880. Bowen is a man of about 50, an eloquent and scholarly preacher, and of great personal magnetism.

A DISGRACEFUL scene has been witnessed in England at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Bordesley.

Some days ago the bishop of the diocese served Mr. Enraght with a formal inhibition from officiating at Holy Trinity, and the living was offered to and accepted by the Rev. H. Allan Watts, of Sunderland. On Sunday morning, March 25, the new vicar underwent the introductory process of reading himself in. There was a great crowd in the churchyard, and the adjacent streets were filled with a noisy mob, while the church was crowded. Immediately the vicar made his appearance in the vestry he was served with a protest by one of the ritualist churchwardens, objecting to his presence on the ground that he was disposed to degrade the services and upset the regular machinery of the parish. On entering the church he was greeted with a storm of hisses and loud cries of "Traitor!" The members of the old choir took up a position at the end of the church and were loudest in the uproarious manifestations. When the vicar ascended the pulpit he was pale and agitated, and amid the Babel of sounds his voice was scarcely audible. He began by saying that he hoped those members of his congregation who had attended the opening service with the object of creating a disturbance would become quiet and peaceable worshippers. Derisive laughter and unseemly shouts proceeded from various parts of the building, and the supporters of the vicar were so enraged that the collision between the two parties seemed imminent. The chief of police, who was present with a force of men, pushed his way among the rival sections and entreated them to observe something like decency in a place of worship. As the vicar proceeded his voice was drowned by fits of coughing and other concerted interruptions, while some of the most systematic disturbers evoked bursts of laughter by shouting out a familiar piece of "gag" from a local pantomime, which was followed by counter cries of "Shut up!" and "Go to hell!" The proceedings at the evening service were even of a more disgraceful character than in the morning. The force of police was doubled, but nevertheless several free fights took place. Catcalls were indulged in from the commencement, and the vicar on appearing in the pulpit was greeted with a storm of howls. Several of the ringleaders were turned out, and to prevent a rush of roughs the church doors had to be closed. The vicar's sermon, which was couched in very conciliatory language, was frequently interrupted with most offensive remarks, such as "Shut up, traitor!" "Go back to Sunderland!" "When is the harlequinade coming on?" and "When is the farce coming on?" Extra precautions had been taken to get the vicar safely away. Forty or fifty policemen were formed in line to afford a clear passage; but by an irresistible rush the reverend gentlemen was carried away down the churchyard amid an indescribable scene of excitement. Was there ever such a scene as this at one of the prize fights or sparring matches, the POLICE GAZETTE got up? Really they ought to begin to shut up the churches as "provoking a breach of the peace." How's this, Bergh, old man? Let's hear from you.

A MEXICAN LOVE AFFAIR.

A Midnight Serenade, Two Lovers and a Duel With Knives.

According to the San Francisco Chronicle, a lively fight took place near San Pablo, Cal., on March 19, between two Mexicans named Jose Valdez and Juan Remirez. The cause of the quarrel was a woman, Inez Romuldo. It appears that Valdez had been living with the woman for a couple of years in peace and contentment when the festive Juan appeared on the scene and stole the love of the fair Inez. Valdez, noticing the growing coldness of his innamorata, began to suspect Juan and laid plans to capture him in the act. Stationing himself outside the house of the unfair fair one, on a certain night he did not have to wait long before Juan, guitar in hand, appeared on the scene and began to twang the strings and serenade Inez.

In a few moments the door opened and the cabalero was admitted. Fired by jealousy, Valdez peered under the blind, witnessed the amorous meeting of Don Juan and Inez and prepared for revenge. Having braced up with some whiskey, he drew a long knife and waited for the despoiler to vacate the premises. This he did in the course of time and gayly tripped down the street, followed by the frate Valdez, thirsting for gore. Hearing stealthy footsteps behind him, Juan turned around just in time to ward off a stab in the back and, drawing a knife, proceeded to defend himself. The noise attracted neighbors, who separated the two combatants before they had mortally wounded each other, although both were severely cut about the face and left arm and were bleeding profusely. Their wounds were dressed and both men have left the town until the trouble has blown over.

FRAU RABERG.

[With Portrait.]

Frau Francisca Raberg, the buxom and comely leading lady of Carl Hermann's Opera Company, has been connected with the Thalia Theatre for the past three seasons and it is no exaggeration to say that much of the success of that enterprise is due to her individual efforts. Madame Raberg has a beautiful contralto voice, which has been growing in fullness and tone year by year during her stay in the United States. Her friends attribute this to the climate of the country; she, however, with the superstition characteristic of professionals, persists in the belief that the acquisition on her part of a piece of the rope with which a western "nigger" was sent over the golden river has brought her good luck and been the cause of the happy improvement in question. Madame Raberg has been married for some years to an actor attached to the Germania Theatre Company, but it is whispered that their conjugal felicity has been of very short duration and that each are traveling to glory by a different road.

AT THE LADIES' WINDOW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sketches which our artist has snatched from real life at the ladies' window of the New York post office need no comment nor explanation from us. The messages of joy and terror which are there delivered daily are the daily provocants of tableaux such as make up our page and of other far more tragic and sensational ones, to which the public do not gain admission. But it is a useful window for good or ill, out of which these messages pass, and if it served no other purpose the reader will admit that it makes a charming addition to the long gallery of pictures of metropolitan life which the POLICE GAZETTE has given to the world.



THE NEW ENGLISH CHAMPION.

MITCHELL AND HIS MENTOR, BILLY MADDEN, VISIT THE POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE AND INSPECT THE CHAMPION MEDALS.



YOUNG CONKLING CHEERED

THE SLAYER OF HAVERSTICK, RELEASED FROM THE TOMBS, RECEIVES A POPULAR OVATION.



BETRAYED BY A FOOTPRINT.

THE MINERS OF SECRET GULCH, MONTANA, SECURE THE CAST OF A MURDERER'S FOOT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND CONFRONT HIM WITH THE OVERWHELMING TESTIMONY.



AN EPISODE OF THE MILK WAR.

MRS CAREY AND HER DAUGHTERS MAKE A DESPERATE FIGHT TO SAVE THEIR MILK CANS FROM A SPILLING COMMITTEE OF RURAL ROUGHS
AT GUYMARD STATION, ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.



A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

A FARMER OF JOHNSTOWN, MICH., MUTILATES AND KILLS HIS WIFE'S LOVER AFTER LURING THE PAIR TO A LONELY SPOT IN THE WOODS.

A ROUNDER'S CHAT.

The "Police Gazette" and the Swells of High Life.

How Its Representative Was Received at the Great Vanderbilt Ball—Mitchell's Arrival—Sporting Notes.

Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt's great ball was made a complete success by the presence of a representative of the POLICE GAZETTE. In the early part of the evening the report was circulated that Mr. Richard K. Fox had decided to ignore the ball, and as a consequence many of the guests announced their intention of returning home. When the POLICE GAZETTE's representative put in an appearance, however, there was a general feeling of relief, and the success of the affair was assured.

As the glittering processional pageant swept along into the spacious ball-room, I noticed many familiar faces, and was greeted with such admonitions as these:

"Don't forget to put my name in your paper."

"You can have my photograph if you want it."

A millionaire stood by my side, with a printed slip prepared for the press, which contained the names and description of costumes worn by the guests.

"There," said he, pointing to a fat guy who appeared very uncomfortable in a pair of yellow silk tights and velvet cloak, "I wish you could get his picture in the POLICE GAZETTE. It would delight Fifth avenue."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The Duke of G-u-y-s-u-y-s," was the prompt answer.

The old gentleman, in all probability, had never heard of the Duke de Guise. Presently an animated skeleton stalked by wearing a Roman toga, and a something on his breast which bore a striking resemblance to a liver pad.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed the old man.

"Coriolanus," I replied, after a glance at the printed descriptive list.

"Corry O'Leary; an Irishman, I suppose. Maybe it's Number One," remarked the old gentleman.

When the supper was over the old man said to me, confidentially: "You are the only newspaper man who was permitted to appear in the ball room. The reporters for the morning papers are in a room in another part of the building. They'll write up the ball from the printed slips and as they see it—in their mind's eye." The old gentleman's last words, as I prepared to retire, were: "Give us a good show. We shall all be on the look out for the POLICE GAZETTE, for it's the most popular paper which circulates in fashionable society. Don't forget that Abram S. Hewitt, the great statesman (here he read from his slip) 'appeared while yet in his right mind, as King Lear, and Mr. Gould appeared as a rat-catcher, with golden traps.'"

Lorillard, the great tobacco man, had to give a ball on the heels of the Vanderbilt affair, and I made another night of it. Several of the guests expressed the wish that the POLICE GAZETTE should not pass the event by without notice, and after some difficulty I made their minds easy. My reception was another evidence of the popularity of the paper in swell circles. The morning after the ball, while at breakfast in Delmonico's, a friend read the following from the *Morning Journal*:

"The supper, which was most elaborate and well-served, was cooked in the house by the Lorillard corps of chefs. The head cook receives a salary of \$5,000, and the three assistants \$3,500 a year. About fifty waiters in white linen, with the Lorillard coat of arms embroidered on the sleeve, attended to the serving of the guests."

"By the way," I remarked, "what are the Lorillard coat-of-arms?"

"He's a tobacco man, you know," said my friend, "and I believe the coat-of-arms consist of a cuspidor couchant, with two cigars and a plug of tobacco rampant."

The arrival of Mitchell, the English puglist, has given rise to general discussion in sporting circles concerning the merits of the young athlete. He is an active, sturdy man who strips big, yet the impression of a majority of those who have met him is that he is not big enough to "do" John L. Sullivan. That Mitchell is a game'un is not questioned. Billy Madden pays a tribute to his protegee's pluck when he says: "I've seen bigger men, but I never saw any reader to fight on shorter notice than he is."

I understand that Pete McCoy is anxious to make a match with Mitchell, and Mike Donovan tells me that he wants to fight the latest arrival with bare knuckles. Mike says he has one man behind him who will put up \$500 towards his stakes, and that \$500 more will be forthcoming.

"Will Mike Cleary fight Mitchell?" I inquired.

"I don't know. He split his hand recently, and of course it will take some time for the cut to heal," said my informant.

When Cleary was asked if his hand was too sore to permit of his boxing he replied, "Never mind the hand—it's good enough for business." Then he wrote the following letter:

"I see by the papers that Mitchell, pronounced by the English press to be the best man in all England, has come here with the sole intention of meeting the best man in this country. Now, England is small compared to America, and considering the difference in the size of Sullivan and himself, I desire to say, to give Mr. Mitchell a more equal match than he would have with the champion he aspires to contend with, that I will hold myself in readiness to box Mr. Mitchell at any time and in any manner he may wish and I am ready to spar him at any place in this country. Trusting that Mr. Mitchell will give this his first consideration, I remain yours, most respectfully,

MICHAEL CLEARY.

"Champion of Pennsylvania."

Billy Edwards tells me that the new comer is a "very likely man," but clever or otherwise, Mitchell, in my opinion, will never contend with Sullivan with gloves or without them.

Mitchell says: "I extend to Mr. Sullivan an invitation to win up with me at an exhibition which I propose to shortly give in this city, offering him one-third of the receipts of the entertainment for his trouble."

"Do you think that John will accept Mitchell's invitation?" I asked one of Sullivan's backers.

"If he does he's a fool," was the emphatic reply.

"And why?"

"I'll tell you why. John cleared \$12,000 above all

expenses at his recent benefit in Boston. He gave the greatest boxing entertainment that was ever given in this country. Sullivan is the star puglist of the world, and Mitchell is not. John can draw crowds wherever he goes. Now, if he is the star, why should he take one-third of the receipts of a house? Mitchell says: 'I have a desire to engage in a set-to with Mr. Sullivan.' If he has such a desire why not box John for the entire receipts? Mitchell's very announcement shows he is not in earnest."

"Not in earnest?"

"Yes, I say not in earnest. Everybody who is at all familiar with sporting matters knows that Sullivan and Mitchell would not be allowed to box in New York city, as proposed by the Englishman. The first attempt on the part of Sullivan to knock out Mitchell would be the signal for the police to interfere. If Mitchell is so anxious to test Sullivan why does he hesitate to challenge John and put up a for all?"

—Finding the annexed item in the New York Sun, I cut it out and forwarded it to Jenn Mace:

"BOSTON, March 27.—John L. Sullivan, while in Salem yesterday, said of Mitchell, the late arrival from England, that he was too small to fight. Of Mace he remarked that he was too old to go into the ring with a young fighter like himself. Upon being asked what he thought of Slade, he said he guessed he was a good man but evidently wanted to talk more than to fight, since he did not care to cover the large amount of money which his, Sullivan's, friends were willing to put up."

The following extract from a letter in relation to the above speaks for itself:

"Mr. Sullivan speaks of the large amount of money which his friends are willing to put up on him in a match with Slade. He also says that the latter 'evidently wanted to talk more than fight,' because he did not 'care to cover Mr. Sullivan's money.' I am anxious to know where Sullivan has any money up to make a match with Slade. Will he or his backers show where they ever had any money up to be covered? On the contrary, he has failed to put up even one dollar. For weeks past the sum of \$2,500 has been in the possession of the representative of Slade's backers waiting for some sign from Sullivan and his friends."

JEM MACE.

—I was at Joe Coburn's benefit in Albany a few nights ago and was not surprised to see a number of senators and assemblymen in the audience. Publicly these lawmakers denounce pugilistic displays, privately they enjoy them. The event of the night was an encounter between Pete McCoy, who announces himself ready to fight any 140lb. man in this country, and a amateur heavy-weight named Shipman. McCoy came to the front and addressing the audience, said:

"Gentlemen, there's a man in behind here who came here to spar me. He takes off his clothes and then says I'm too light to spar him. I tell him he'll find me heavy enough if he gets in front of me; but he won't come out. His name is Shipman."

Spying Shipman in the audience McCoy pointed at him, whereupon the amateur pulled off his coat and vest and mounted the stage. Shipman weighed at least 225 pounds, McCoy 75 pounds less. The first round was in McCoy's favor and he thumped Shipman unmercifully. In the second round the men clinched twice, one wrestling to a fall, which ended with Shipman on top. Had his purpose not been interrupted he would have pounded his antagonist in his madness. Both men panted like spent deer when called up at the terminating three minutes. Shipman was so badly winded that he once allowed his hands to fall listlessly at his side, while McCoy rained heavy blows square in his face.

The men pursued one another about the stage until McCoy was over the base viol on the orchestra. Shipman here let fly. He planted a blow on McCoy's cheek and sent the light weight reeling into the pit all of a heap. He picked himself up and alertly leaped upon the stage; again the round was renewed with more vigor than ever. It was as warm as bad blood could make it. In an instant the men had closed again and in one another's embrace were tottering to the footlights, when a dozen men on the stage rushed in between and pulled them apart by main force. Joe Coburn was obliged to lift McCoy out of the way. Here the fight ended, although both clamored for another bout. Both men were bleeding at the nose and both showed other signs of the hardship of the encounter. There was talk behind the scenes of bringing the two men together with hard gloves in some spot removed from police espionage. This event is not altogether uncertain, for McCoy, despite Shipman's size, is ready to meet him.

MRS. CAREY'S BATTLE.

A Woman and Her Daughters Make a Desperate Fight With Rural Roughs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During the week ending March 24 a milk war prevailed in Ulster, Orange and Sullivan counties of New York state. The farmers wanted to force the milk dealers of the city to pay them an additional half cent for the adulterated article. This the dealers refused to give, whereupon the farmers determined to inaugurate a milk famine and to this end appointed spilling committees to spill all milk that was sent to the depots for shipment during the course of the famine. There were numerous funny scenes enacted and the country people came very near the metropolis in standard in their attempts at getting up first class riots. At Gwynard station, Orange county, on March 22, Mrs. Carey and her two buxom daughters drove up with a load of milk in cans. They had been warned that they would be in danger if they attempted to get the load to the station. The wagon that had preceded them was that of a farmer named Rysdyck, who had made the attempt with a guard consisting of his sons and several hired men. His party had been defeated and the load destroyed.

Mrs. Carey, however, armed her daughters and went ahead. The spillers attacked the wagon and although the girls made a desperate fight and nearly drowned one of the assailants by emptying a couple of cans of milk on him, besides severely wounding several others, they were vanquished and their property was destroyed. The surrender of the city dealers a few days after put an end to the scenes of riot which threatened to end most disastrously to all concerned.

THE POLICE GAZETTE will offer a dozen costly prizes for competition among the experts in the base ball field during the season now opening, and to further encourage the sport will give the ball tossers fair play and intelligent treatment in a department of news to be especially devoted to the events of this popular branch of outdoor sports.

AN ACTOR AND HIS WIVES.

Mrs. Mordaunt Goes Through Frank's Pockets and Fishes Out a Love Letter.

[With Portraits.]

The troubles of the actor, Frank Mordaunt, with his wife, have continued with a series of successive sensational events that have first startled, then amused, the public. Mrs. Mordaunt sued Frank for abandonment and on Friday, March 23, the court decided to let him out if he would give bonds to pay her eight dollars a week to prevent her being a charge on the county. This he did. No sooner had he got out of doors, however, than Mrs. Mordaunt pursued and attempted to shoot him. Then all parties repaired before the justice once more and the wife was locked up. This enraged her still more and she began proceedings for divorce, aiming her enmity mainly against the actress, Laura Wallace, whom she lately assaulted and whose raiment, it will be remembered, she wrecked at her lodgings in Washington Place. Among other things she threatened to do in her rage was to begin a suit against Miss Wallace for claim, con. with Mr. Mordaunt.

A reporter called on Miss Wallace at her lodgings on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 27, to ascertain her views of the situation.

"I do not take much stock in those threats," she said. "Of course I may expect anything from that woman, but yet I do not think she will be foolish enough to overreach herself to the extent of having me arrested. The fact is that I did a very silly thing in withdrawing the charge of assault against me recently. I should have pushed that case and had the woman punished. But then that lawyer of hers, Barnard, came to me and begged and prayed that I let her off easy and rather than undergo the annoyance of a trial of the case I allowed myself to be moved. I expected then that this miserable affair had come to an end and that I would no more be charged with an offense of which I am as innocent as an unborn babe. My relations with Mr. Mordaunt have never been aught but professional. I have little acquaintance with him off the stage and I think it eminently unjust that I should be made to suffer such indignities."

"What do you say to the prospects of passing three months in Ludlow street jail?" ventured the reporter.

"Oh, well, it'll be so much free board and lodging, anyhow," was the response, accompanied with a wink and shrug. "I am out of \$400 salary on this 'Shipmates' business, so I ought to be happy at the idea of being cared for by the state."

The scribe left the house. Coming down the street his attention was directed to the portly form of Frank Mordaunt, who was approaching with rapid strides, a fragrant Havana firmly pressed between his lips. As the actor neared Miss Wallace's lodgings he cast a quick glance in every direction, threw his cigar into the gutter and a few moments after had sprung up the stoop and disappeared in her doorway.

Mrs. Mordaunt will probably abandon the crim. con. case but the divorce suit will go on and its revelations, it is promised, will be rich. The following letter, which Mrs. Mordaunt says she found in Mr. Mordaunt's pocket and appropriated, will go far to prove that an actor need not be an Adonis to be a masquerade. After reading this Mrs. Mordaunt reflected on it and worked herself up to such a pitch of fury that she ultimately went for Miss Wallace and wrecked both her and her wardrobe, as already reported in all the papers. The maddening letter is in a female hand and although there is no proof that it was written by Miss Wallace, a jealous wife is willing to avouch in her blind fury, yet it will be found interesting as a sample of the misses that actors receive and modern actresses write:

"My Sweetheart:

"This morning's *Herald* announced that you were this week at Chicago and so I hasten to avail myself of an opportunity to write you. I wrote you lastly at New Orleans and would have done so repeatedly had I known your whereabouts. Your Christmas despatch reached me all right and was the only news from you since you were in California. It grieved me much to hear of your ill health. I wanted to go to you at once. Our separation makes me so discontented and unhappy and yet we must submit to the inevitable. I have daily watched for some word from you relieving my anxieties as to your health. None came. I will not complain at your silence, though it has wronged my loving heart sorely. You hate to have me find fault with you and so I will say no more about it."

"I am just convalescing from an attack of inflammation of the lungs; am far from well. Have made some additions to our little home and it is cosy in the extreme, only requiring your return to render it perfect in its charm. I won't tell you in detail the new articles, I prefer to surprise you agreeably when you walk in upon them. I feel that you will do so shortly as your face is turned homeward. Oh, how my heart jumps at the thought. My darling, my darling, I need you. Everybody and everything is so meaningless without you. All is centered on you. I dream of you at night and think of you during the day and I want to see you, be with you, touch you, reach up on my toes and put my arms around your neck. Oh, my darling, my sweetheart, my blood is dancing this minute."

"How is your health? How are you doing? What is your route? When will you be home? Do you think of me often? Oh, I am so crazy to hear from you. You will write at once, won't you, my precious?"

"I have oceans to tell you when I see you. Just now am doing nicely in my business, with brighter prospects. But oh, how hard I have worked and struggled and battled with obstacles. But all is bright at last thank God. And when I hold a letter in my hands from my darling one there won't be a cloud in the heavens. I shall be restored to health again in a few days, surely by the time you get home."

"Get home," think of it. "Home," and all the bliss that awaits us, you and I, my own sweet one, you and I."

ONE IN LOVE TILL DEATH.

"Jan. 20, '83, 9 P. M."

The divorce case, we may say in conclusion, is not the first in which Mr. Mordaunt has figured. His first wife, the actress known as Marion Mordaunt, whose portrait we give together with that of the present plaintiff, was separated from him twelve years ago and since has occupied herself peacefully and without scandal in her profession.

A NOTED BURGLAR IN QUOD.

[With Portraits.]

D. W. Lambert, alias Reed, alias Smith, alias Buford, is one of the most expert burglars in the South. Recently, in company with a man named John Simpson,

he broke into the post-office at Birmingham, Ala., and got away with \$1,000 in money, \$900 in postage stamps, some valuable securities and a diamond ring and pin. The two thieves were subsequently arrested at a railroad depot in Nashville by detective R. M. Foster and police officers Dave Putman and John Chockley, of the Nashville police force. They are both good for ten years in State prison.

EATING OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Eve Undertakes to Occupy Her Paradise With Two Adams, and Finds It a Hell.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* of March 28 gives the particulars of a case, in which a buxom daughter of Eve played havoc with the affections of two Adams and then skipped for the sweet somewhere with him who was not her husband, have just been learned. Adam Bibel and his wife occupied the first floor of the building No. 61 McMicken avenue, Cincinnati. He is a tall, stout German, of possibly forty-five years and for the past few months has been employed as man of all work about the Marietta and Cincinnati freight depot. The wife is said to be tall, inclined to stoutness, with a full, round face, light hair, rosy cheeks, and, taking it all in all, fair to look upon and only thirty-eight years old.

Adam Reinecke, who boarded with them, is a tall, lusty young German only twenty-two years of age and a vast improvement on the husband as far as good looks and winning ways with the gentler sex go. The two were married in Germany eleven years ago and came to America shortly thereafter. Four years ago they moved into the quarters now occupied by the husband. For a long time they stood in market, where they sold vegetables. There seemed to be some differences of opinion between them, as noted by the neighbors. She thought he ought to go to work and give her an exclusive right to the market trade. He did not agree with her and then she would accuse him of being lazy and would also take pains to keep the neighbors informed of the aversion she entertained for him. About seven months ago the second Adam appeared as a boarder. He worked for a time in a malt-house. Whether the wife and he had ever had any previous acquaintance could not be learned. But be that as it may, they soon struck up a familiar acquaintance and enjoyed a regular milk-and-honey time. Mrs. Bibel would visit the neighbors and talk by the hour of the boarder, and declare that she was enamored of him.

One evening lately, the husband returned home from market and passed out into the back yard, leaving the kitchen door open. In returning he made no noise, and there in the middle of the room he saw the other Adam and Mrs. Bibel hugging up mightily close to each other, and billing and cooing just too strupy for anything. Of course there was a row of large dimensions that attracted the attention of all the people in the vicinity. The wife did not deny it. She would simply say that if she did do anything of the sort she could see no harm in it. The next afternoon the boarder was noticed with his good clothes on. Later in the afternoon an express wagon drove up to the door, and, taking in a number of articles belonging to him, drove rapidly away. Soon after that he likewise disappeared. He had not much more than passed out of sight than Mrs. Bibel, clothed in her best and lugging two baskets and a bundle, bade farewell to the neighbors' children, who were surprised that she should think of going to market in all her finery. Neither of them returned. The Adam whose Eden was thus left Eveless, got home late only to find himself deserted. He was wild at first, but soon cooled off, and said he wished to have nothing more to do with the woman. They never had any children. Mrs. B. sold her sewing-machine to the family butcher to secure funds.

A TENNESSEE HORROR.

An Aged Farmer Arrested on Suspicion of Brutally Murdering His Wife.

A wild excitement was created through Lincoln county, Tenn., on March 17, by the intelligence of the murder of Mrs. Nancy Dolan, aged sixty-three years. On the night of the 16th her husband, aged seventy-two, was arrested on suspicion and safely lodged in jail. He says he and his wife retired as usual on the fatal night. About eleven o'clock he was awakened by a suffocating smoke. Being very dark he got up to ascertain its meaning and had only advanced a few feet from the bed to the direction of the fireplace when he came upon the nude and lifeless body of his wife, with her skull crushed in and every particle of clothing burned from her body. Blows on the head were inflicted by a huge hickory club three feet in length and of sufficient diameter to have killed an ox at one blow. After discovery he dragged her body through the front door and out into the yard and returning to the house extinguished the flames that had burnt away part of the flooring in the room. The supposed murderer then hastened to a neighbor's house. They returned together, to find the victim stark, charred and lifeless and horribly mutilated, not a thread of linen remaining.

The walls of the sleeping room were found bespattered with blood, pools stood on the floor, while the fatal club stood against the fireplace and two large holes were burnt in the floor. Nothing is known of the guilt of the husband further than strong circumstantial evidence which goes to show he inflicted the fatal blows and, in order to conceal the crime, fired the building, but finding it did not burn her and under the excitement of the moment he dragged the body out into the yard and ran to the nearest neighbors and informed them of the murder.

Dolan denies the crime, but the proof is strong. Due precautions are being taken and the jail is well guarded, as it would be no surprise if some attempts were made to lynch him. Dolan is a well-to-do farmer and he and his aged wife have lived together for twenty years.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A man named Johnson, living near Johnstown, Mich., suspected his young farm hand, named Frey, of undue intimacy with Mrs. Johnson. He fired the guilty ones to a dense woods and successfully tied them to trees. Then he mutilated the lover in the presence of the wife and left him to die of his wounds. This was on March 27, and the murderer is being hunted by the excited neighbors.

THE PRIZE RING.

The New Comer From England and His Prospects Here.

Adventures of the "Police Gazette" Athletic Combination with the Rural Hypocrites of New York State.

The Richard K. Fox, Mace and Slade, POLICE GAZETTE Combination arrived at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on March 24, to give an exhibition. They had a variety show in conjunction with Mace, Slade, Kelly and Murphy, the pugilists. The manager was refused a license, but he decided that he would show without one. As soon as this became known considerable excitement prevailed. The Board of Trustees of the town met and passed the following:

Resolved, that the exhibition or performance advertised as Richard K. Fox's POLICE GAZETTE, Mace and Slade Champion Athletic Combination, to take place this evening at Daniels Hall, in this village, be, and the same hereby is restrained and prohibited.

Resolved, That the public interest require and the president is hereby requested, under the power given him by the charter, to appoint fifty special police to serve from 5 P. M. to-day until 12 o'clock to-night.

Resolved, That the police constables and the special police appointed pursuant to the foregoing resolutions be and they hereby are instructed to prevent the said exhibition and performance, and to arrest every person who shall unlawfully participate therein, or be guilty of any misdemeanor in relation thereto, to be dealt with according to law.

Resolved, That we call upon all good citizens to aid and assist the board in restraining this exhibition, which is threatened to be given without the license of the president and in defiance of the village authorities.

M. D. BELLOWS, Clerk pro tem.

The fifty special constables were sworn in, and, armed with long clubs, they threatened vengeance on the pugilists if they attempted to appear. In the meantime, the admirers of pugilism from the adjacent villages and towns flocked in to catch a glimpse of Slade and Mace. Nearly one-third of the population were eager to see the champions, and they made a grand demonstration in their favor, threatened to raze Daniels Hall and annihilate the Board of Trustees. The regular police and the specials guarding the hall were re-enforced, and, to prevent a riot, the combination had to leave the town. When the troupe left for Lyons, N. Y., over two thousand persons followed them to the depot and cheered for Fox, Mace and Slade.

John L. Sullivan has never been satisfied with himself since his failure to knock Tug Wilson out of time in four rounds at Madison Square Garden, where Tug outmaneuvered him by avoiding the sledge-hammer blows of the Boston exponent of pugilism. Wilson left these hospitable shores in a way that did not speak well for his reputed courage. Sullivan has an earnest desire to meet Tug Wilson again, and unless that English worthy of the pugilistic arena seeks safety in flight, the champion will seek him in England before summer days have come. Preparations are already being made by Sullivan and Patsy Sheppard for a tour through England, Scotland and Ireland, beginning in May. They will land at Liverpool and give exhibitions there and in all the prominent English cities, afterward appearing in Glasgow, Edinburgh and other cities of Scotland, and journeying thence to Ireland, where exhibitions will be given in Dublin, Cork, Belfast and other places.

As we anticipated, Paddy Ryan, who Richard K. Fox backed to fight for \$2,500 against John L. Sullivan, does not intend to enter the prize ring again. Ryan says: "As far as I am concerned I am out of the ring, and I won't be lugged into fighting anybody; in fact, I'd hit anybody in the ear that would ask me to fight. I am making money at my business and getting along nicely without bothering anybody, and I'd be a fool to bother with fighting. There ain't a dollar in it, and I've done with it."

There are no new developments in the proposed prize fight between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, and Herbert A. Slade, the New Zealand giant. Slade's money is ready at any time and he has repeatedly declared his willingness to fight the Boston boy at any time the champion feels disposed to send on a representative and appoint a place of meeting. Jem Mace writes that "he is surprised that Sullivan refuses to meet Slade." He adds that in all his long experience in the prize ring he never heard of a pugilist claiming to be the champion of the world and refusing to meet a novice. It is now barely possible that Sullivan will be his own backer and post the stakes himself if he decides to meet Slade. Be that as it may no one must blame Slade or his backer because the match is not arranged, for both are still ready to clench the argument at any time the champion gives the signal. Mace has forwarded the following business-like letter to the POLICE GAZETTE:

ITHACA, N. Y. March 24, 1888.
To Richard K. Fox, Esq., Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE, New York City:

DEAR SIR—I am simply disgusted with the manner in which Sullivan and his backers are acting and now desire you to announce that Slade is ready to meet Sullivan in the ring without gloves according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world and a belt to represent such championship. These challenges of Sullivan to meet Slade with the gloves are all bosh. He and Slade are here to fight, not play. Sullivan is well aware that no match can be made in New York State, but we are willing to meet him or his backers at any time or place outside of said state and sign articles, and if he refuses Slade shall claim the title of champion of the world. We contemplate visiting England in four to six weeks and if Sullivan in that time does not accept the challenge herein contained Slade shall be declared the rightful owner of the title, "Champion of the World." No further newspaper controversy will be encouraged on our part. Man and money ready at any moment. Sullivan may present himself or his representative and if Sullivan declines this Slade is open to any man in the world.

JEM MACE.
In our last issue we announced that Charles Mitchell, the English champion pugilist, had arrived with his right bower, Billy Madden. Mitchell is about the size of Tug Wilson, stands nearly five feet eight inches in height and weighs 160 lbs. In England he has defeated nearly all the big ones with the gloves and Madden claims that he is a wonder. The pugilist is gentlemanly and unassuming in manner. There can

be no doubt, however, that he is a good 'un—a glance at him will convince you of that.

Mitchell was born of Irish parents in Birmingham on Nov. 24, 1861. His first fight was with Bob Cunningham at Selby Oak, Birmingham, Jan. 11, 1878, for \$5 a side. He defeated Cunningham in fifty minutes; afterward he defeated C. Smithers for £10 a side with the bare fists at Wolverhampton, Nov. 22, 1879, in 17 minutes; fought a draw with the gloves with Bill Kennedy, then light-weight champion, for a purse at London in 1879; fought Baily Gray, the black, who weighed 176 lbs., Mitchell weighing 132, at Manchester, and defeated him with the bare knuckles, for a purse, in one round of 11 minutes; fought Caryadoff the Continental champion, known as the Belgian giant, a 234 pounder, at the Eldorado, Antwerp, in February, 1881, for 1,000 francs, with gloves, and won in four rounds and 16 minutes; defeated Tom Tully in a glove fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules, in six rounds; fought Jack Burke with bare knuckles on June 16, 1881, at Ascot, for £100, the fight lasting 1 hour and 17 minutes and ending in a draw when darkness came on. Burke weighed 15 pounds more and was 2 inches taller than Mitchell. Both were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor for participating in the fight.

Mitchell did not figure again in the ring until April, 1882, when he was engaged in a middle-weight competition at Chelsea, in which he carried off first prize. His last engagement was in Billy Madden's London championship competition of last December, open to all England, which he won. Men from all parts of England competed, including several heavy-weights, such as Knifton, the 81-tonner; W. England and W. Wallis. Mitchell won all his heats easily, much to the astonishment of his opponents and admirers. The belt he won is of massive silver, with the inscription: "Won by Charles Mitchell, of Birmingham, Champion of England, December, 1882."

On March 26, Billy Madden, the Chesterfield pugilist, and his protegee, Charley Mitchell, called upon Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE office. The visitors were conducted throughout the building, and Mitchell remarked "There's nothing like this in England." He is young looking, smooth-faced and compactly built, with muscles as hard as wood. Although reserved in his manner he in the course of an interesting interview expressed his contempt for Tug Wilson's prowess. He was told that John L. Sullivan was a big man, whereupon he coolly remarked that he did not care much about the size of men; that he had stood in front of many big ones.

In this country there are only two pugilists who may be able to stop the new arrival, and these men are John L. Sullivan, the present champion, and Herbert A. Slade. Mitchell, however, thinks he can down both of them, and what is more is ready to try, and Billy Madden is ready to wager \$1,000 that he can do so. What Mitchell intends to do is not yet known. He says he did not come to this country to engage in any funny glove business; he could do that to more advantage in England. He came to this country for business and will await any engagement that may turn up.

Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, Colo., who fought and defeated Tom Walling, in West Virginia for \$1,000 last June, has accepted a challenge recently issued by Walling, and posted \$500 with the Democrat, Leadville, Colo., to fight Walling for \$1,000 a side, London prize ring rules. Independent of Walling, Campbell wants to fight any 125 pound man in America. He says: "Campbell must be losing flesh, as he fought Harry Hicken at 130 pounds."

On the 17th of March there was a lively encounter with hard gloves between Frank McCormac and Harry Egan in the sporting saloon of W. D. Pinkston, Shoshone, Idaho, for a purse of \$150 and gate money. George W. Shelby was selected as referee. Tom Baggs and Al. Harris acted as seconds for McCormac, and Egan was represented by Jim Dorse and Jack Welsh. Round 1. The fighting was forced by Egan, both men getting in some heavy work, and on the conclusion of the round it was seen that they were badly punished. Round 2. Both men came promptly to the scratch on the call of time, McCormac doing some terrible rib fighting which told on Egan's wind, as he commenced to show signs of wear. McCormac fighting him into his corner. Round 3. McCormac came to the scratch quick and lively, Egan slow and apparently weak. McCormac led off, hitting his antagonist a terrible blow on the ear, drawing first blood. Egan, getting greatly excited, made an undercut at McCormac, who avoided it and in return delivered a heavy blow on Egan's neck, knocking him off his feet. Round 4. On time being called McCormac sprang to the scratch in one bound. Egan did not leave his seat, claiming that his hand was broken in the third round, and on examination it turned out to be true. Tom Baggs, McCormac's second, now claimed a decision which was at once given, McCormac being declared the winner. The fight was governed by the POLICE GAZETTE revised Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Fiddler Neary and Mike Mullery, the well known pugilists, are to join the Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, Mace and Slade Champion Athletic Combination, which has proved the most successful one of the kind that ever traveled in the United States. The addition of these two pugilists to the combination makes it one of the strongest that ever went on the road. The following is their prize ring record:

Fiddler Neary was born in Birmingham, England, on August 31, 1849. His first fight was with Pat Rooney of Birmingham, for \$50, whom he forced to succumb in 36 rounds occupying 1h. 30m; he then fought a draw with Jimmy Shields for \$100, lasting through 30 rounds, 1 hour 1 minute; his next battle was with Pat Carney of Birmingham for \$100, whom he defeated in 11 rounds 32 minutes, in two rings; he next fought Matthews of Birmingham for \$100 and was defeated in 12 rounds occupying 42 minutes; he then met Maguire of Philadelphia, Pa., in a glove contest for a purse, Neary winning in 3 rounds lasting 6 minutes; he was defeated by Pete Croker for a purse of \$300 in 76 rounds lasting 1 hour 59 minutes; his last fight was with Mike Gillespie for \$500, by whom he was defeated in 15 rounds occupying 32 minutes.

Mike Mullery was born in Providence, R. I., on Jan. 27, 1858. He fought Dan Collins and defeated him in 6 rounds occupying 15 minutes; he next met Charlie Norton, the champion light-weight pugilist of Newark, N. J., in a glove contest which was declared a draw after 30 rounds, occupying two hours, had been fought.

Henry Woodson, alias the Black Diamond, and an unknown were to have fought at Troy, N. Y., with hard gloves, on March 14, for \$200. Frank Stevenson and a number of sporting men went up to Troy with the colored champion but the authorities had got wind of the affair and prevented the mill from taking place so that the Black Diamond was unable to score another victory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EAR OPENERS EVERY TIME I

For the latest, liveliest and most authentic sensations of the town, read FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out Sunday, April 15, price 5 cents, and for sale everywhere.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

G. L. W., Gallon, Ohio.—No.

J. A., Dubuque, Iowa.—Yes.

J. E. G., Erie, Pa.—Thanks for offer.

GEORGIA MIKE.—Natives of Ireland.

J. H., Providence, R. I.—We have no such book.

M. C. R., Cleveland, Ohio.—A. cannot play it alone.

J. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—Tom Sayers was a middle-weight.

C. P., Fort Assinaboine, M. T.—There is no such book published.

E. W. R., Gordon, Pa.—We can forward you a book on receipt of 30 cents.

WALDO, Philadelphia, Pa.—Write to Billy Edwards, Hoffman House, N. Y.

J. H. G., Hat Creek, Wyoming.—Not when the cards have been dealt.

FARRANDSVILLE.—Tom Sayers and Jem Mace were never matched to fight.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—Trinity church steeple, New York, was finished in 1848.

A. W. L., Baltimore, Md.—A few doors from Keenan's Monumental Theatre.

J. W. G., Ripley, N. Y.—The party killed was no relation of the party you refer to.

S. H., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Aaron Jones was only defeated once by Tom Sayers.

A READER, Kenosha, Wis.—1. No. 2. There was an extra published but it is out of print.

S. G., Leadville, Colo.—Josh Hudson beat Jem Ward in 14 rounds, 36 minutes, Nov. 11, 1883.

CASINO, Baltimore, Md.—No, cards count first. The game must be continued; B. is correct.

D. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—John Brougham did perform at Wallack's theatre in 1869. 2. No.

W. S., Brighton, Mass.—Jack Randall was born in London of Irish parents. He was never in America.

S. W., Chicago, Ill.—Andy Noon was killed in the prize ring by Owen Swift in England on June 24, 1834.

W. S., Bolivar.—Pudney, the English runner, was credited with running 11 miles in 57 minutes 20 seconds.

A. G. E., Mechanicsburg, Pa.—1. Yes, there are plenty of the Celestials in New York who wear wooden shoes.

CONSTANT READER, Mascoutah, Ill.—Jem Mace and Ned O'Baldwin were matched several times but never fought.

P. S., New Britain, Conn.—Different feeders have different modes of feeding and preparing game cocks for the pit.

J. T. J., Greencastle, Ind.—1. A. loses; neither pugilist wore a mustache the day they fought at Mississippi City.

C. L. E., McGregor, Iowa.—Richard K. Fox, the sole proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was born in Belfast, Ireland.

A CLEVELAND MAN.—1. No. 2. Tom Sayers was born in Church street, North Lane, Pimlico, Brighton, Eng., July 17, 1826.

O. G., Asbury Park, N. J.—1. Send \$1 and we will furnish book. 2. What do you mean by saying "describe Jerry Murphy?"

N. W. R., Boston, Mass.—Paddy Ryan weighed 193 pounds the day he fought John L. Sullivan. 2. Sullivan weighed 195 pounds.

C. A. G., Petersburg, Va.—1. Morton is the champion clog dancer. 2. Charlie Norton is the champion light-weight pugilist of America.

W. G., Hartford, Conn.—1. was on Oct. 12, 1837, at Hartford, Conn., that Lancet beat Flora Temple. Lancet trotted the third heat in 2:25.

G. C. P. & Son, Armada.—1. Send your full address and we will forward you the rules by mail. 2. Donnelly's is the only work we know of.

G. E. P., Phillipsburg, Pa.—Jem Mace never defeated Joe Coburn. The champions met in the ring twice and both battles ended in a draw.

H. W., Portland, Me.—Chris Lily was killed on board the Guatemalan war brig, Santiago, Feb. 16, 1857. He was shot in the hold of the vessel by five marines.

E. McT., Kansas City, Mo.—John L. Sullivan and John Donaldson fought with hard gloves for \$500. The battle took place in a room in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Dec. 28, 1881.

C. C. F., Buffalo.—The jury do not try the prisoner; they merely listen to the evidence for and against and decide accordingly. Then the judge passes sentence on their finding.

J. J., Jamestown, Pa.—The right position of a pugilist is left foot out, left hand extended and right across the breast. Correspond with Billy Edwards, retired light-weight champion.

STEADY READER, Brooklyn.—We never heard of a game of pool of 100 points. If it was the ordinary game of fifteen ball pool the two that made 41 and 40 are out, the other being stuck.

Wm. P., Hyde Park, Pa.—We answered this question before. The referee should not have given his decision when they started before the pistol was fired. The race should be run over again.

BROOKS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Prof. McDermott teaches boxing in Brooklyn and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan also gives lessons in the art in this city. A letter addressed to this office will reach them.

W. M. & J. C. M., Memphis, Tenn.—Yes, on Chateau Island near St. Louis. Jack Looney of St. Louis, Mo., was referee. 2. Patsy Sheppard and Arthur Chambers seconded Tom Allen.

H. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Yankee Sullivan fought Hammer Lane in England. 3. He was in America prior to his battle with Lane. 4. Sullivan got the first knock down in his battle with Hyer.

L. R., Carlton, N. Y.—1. 1 mile trotting 2:10½ by Maud S., at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1881. 2. 1 mile running 1:39½ by Ten Broeck, 5 years, carrying 110 lbs. at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877.

ENQUIRE, Dubuque, Iowa.—It would occupy too much of our space to give the answer to your question in the correspondents' column but if you send name and address we will forward it by mail.

J. T., Council Bluffs, Iowa.—1. W. Perkins made the fastest mile walking at London, England, viz., 6m. 23s. 2. Sun, Boston Herald, New York Daily News, New York Herald and the Philadelphia Record.

D. M., Bradford, Pa.—Jem Mace thinks he is yet able to whip any man in the world. 2. He says "what is the use of fighting when you have a big 'un (meaning Slade) to fight for you and plenty of money to back him?"

H. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Hanlan was disqualified for fouling at the Boston Fourth of July regatta in 1877. 2. The committee did disqualify him from entering in any of the regattas to be given under their auspices, but they afterward reconsidered their action.

S. G., Mobile, Alabama.—It was on Oct. 12, 1853, that Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey fought at Boston Four Corners. Thirty seven rounds were fought, when a free fight ensued. Sullivan was crowded out of the ring and the referee declared Morrissey the winner.

C. C., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—Master McGrath won the Waterloo cup three times, in 1868, 1869 and in 1871. Sea Cove won the cup in 1870. 2. Commasie won the Waterloo cup twice—1877 and 1878. 3. Snowlight won the cup last year. 4. Lord Lurgan owned Master McGrath.

W. H., Baltimore, Md.—Jem Belcher died in London, England, on July 30, 1811, when he was 31 years of age. 2. Belcher only had one eye when he fought Pearce, having had it knocked out by a racket ball by playing rackets July 24, 1803, at St. Martin's street, London, Eng.

M. J., Brighton, Mass.—1. Prior to the Heenan and Sayers fight in March, 1860, Ed. E. Price, who then resided in Boston, Mass., did offer to wager \$500 that John C. Heenan would win first fall, first blood, first knockdown and the fight, all the four events to be taken together. 2. No.

W. S., Troy, N. Y.—Aaron Jones was born in Shropshire, England, in March, 1831. He stood 5ft. 11½ in. in height and weighed 163 lbs. in fighting trim. 2. At the time he fought Mike McCoole for the championship of America there was a want of steadiness and precision in his hitting and there appeared to be a want of stamina about him.

H. S., Boston, Mass.—The original John Day, the well known English turfite and trainer, died in London, England, March 21, 1860, at the age of sixty-eight. 2. For fifty years he jockeyed and trained the best horses up to that date that ran in England. Among his patrons were George the Fourth, Lord George Bentwick and Lord Palmerston.

M. B. Rochester, N. Y.—1. John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought on the 20th of Oct., 1853. 2. Morrissey was declared the winner. 3. He only fought J. C. Heenan after he defeated Sullivan. 4. Josh Hudson beat Jem Ward in 14 rounds lasting 36m. The battle was fought Nov. 11, 1883. 5. Yes. 6. Tom Sayers was born in Pimlico near Brighton, Eng.

G. W., Columbus, Ohio.—Wm. Perkins, the English pedestrian, when he was the champion walker of England, was beaten by E. P. Weston. Perkins and Weston walked a 24 hour race at Islington, London, England, on Feb. 8 and 9, 1876. Perkins quit after walking 65 miles and Weston covered 109 miles.

D. M., Pottsville, Pa.—The fatal prize fight between Billy Walker and Jimmy Weeden was fought at Pottsville, N. J., on August 31, 1876. Seventy-six rounds were fought in 1 hour 55 minutes and Walker died from the effects of the punishment he had received. Weeden was sentenced to six years' imprisonment and he died in Trenton, N. J., jail.

W. S. C., Springfield, Mo.—We decided the bet fairly when we stated that the Harriet Lane was not sunk off Savannah. We knew her orders were to co-operate with one of the Red River expeditions and remembered that she had been sunk down that way. You set us right in the statement that she was sunk off Galveston and not in the mouth of the Red River.

S. W., Troy.—A second has no right to assist his principal to the scratch in any manner or under any circumstances. The rule expressly states that at the call of time each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle holder and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided, the seconds and the bottle holders remaining at their corners and that either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

M. W., Baltimore, Md.—Harry, or Badger, Crutchley, was born at Mount street, Birmingham, England, August, 1835. 2. He fought Joe Goss on the banks of the Thames near Oxfordshire, England, July 17, 1860, for £200. Goss won in 120 rounds lasting 3h. and 20m. 3. Crutchley won first knockdown in the second round. 4. Goss weighed 130 lbs., Crutchley 138½ lbs. when they weighed the night before the battle.

A. S., Pottsville, Pa.—Tom Johnson's, the English pugilist who beat Jack Harris for the English pugilistic championship in 1785, proper name was Tom Jackling. He was born in 1750. 2. He died in Cork, Ireland, Jan. 21, 1797. 3. Johnson's last battle was with big Ben Bryan for 500 guineas. The battle was fought at Wrotham, Kent, England, Jan. 17, 1791. Johnson never recovered from the effects of the terrible punishment he received.

S. M. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Ethan Allen, bay stallion foaled 1840, got by Vermont Black Hawk, son of Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan, dam a small gray mare famous as a roadster and producer of several trotters, pedigree unknown. This horse was bred by J. W. Holcomb, Ticonderoga, N. Y., and died Sept. 10, 1876, at Lawrence, Kansas, the property of Sprague and Ackers. His record in harness was 2:27½ and with running mate he trotted a mile in 2:15, beating Dexter.

W. S., San Francisco, Cal.—1. Simon Byrne was killed in the prize ring by Deaf Burke on May 30, 1833, at Noman's Land, Eng., after a desperate battle which lasted through ninety nine rounds fought in 3 hours and 6 minutes. 2. Burke was tried for homicide and acquitted. 3. McKay and Byrne fought at Seelye Forest, Northamptonshire, England, June 2, 1830. The pugilists fought forty-seven rounds in 53 minutes and Byrne killed McKay in the ring.

The dramatic doings of the metropolitans will get a complete showing up by an insider in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out April 15. Price 5 cents.

A Butcher Boy's Infatuation.

He came home drunk, after a varied though brief experience of woman's wiles and Connecticut gin, was arrested and held in \$500. Not for imbibing nor for peregrinating with the wife of another, but for stealing a roan mare belonging to David J. Dresser, and a buggy and harness from A. Raymond. The name of the gentleman thus arraigned is Fred L. Edwards, who, like the parties just named, has his abode in Dedham, Mass. It was in the humble but not dishonorable sphere of meat peddling that Edwards worked; and Dresser was his employer. In the course of his wanderings the dull monotony of his shouts, "Lights and liver! Lamb and pork!" was broken by the vista of a beautiful woman. She lived in Norwood, and was the wife of a shoemaker. She, too, felt the responsive flame of love, and after sundry interviews with the man of meat consented to leave her husband and child and elope with Edwards. In pursuance of this



MARION MORDAUNT,
WHO SECURED A DIVORCE FROM THE ACTOR,
FRANK MORDAUNT.

says that he soon felt pangs of remorse, finding, perhaps, that she wasn't his affinity. So he told her he wanted to return to Dedham and confess his shortcomings to his employer. But this modern Delloah insisted upon his continuing in the path of the transgressor. He yielded to her wiles. The two went to New Haven, where he got drunk, tried to sell the team, was arrested and reconducted back to Dedham, where he now lies in jail. The woman is living with her husband, who, as far as known, hasn't the faintest notion of her intentions or her recent escapade with the too fascinating meat peddler of lovely Dedham.

Clerical Bigotry.

A recent example of narrow-mindedness and even bull-headedness on the part of an alleged follower of the meek and lowly Saviour comes from the vicinity of Erie, Pa. It seems that a year or so ago the beloved child of a family of his congregation died of diphtheria. The pastor, instead of trying with com-



MRS. FRANK MORDAUNT,
WHO SUES FOR A DIVORCE FROM HER ACTOR
HUSBAND.

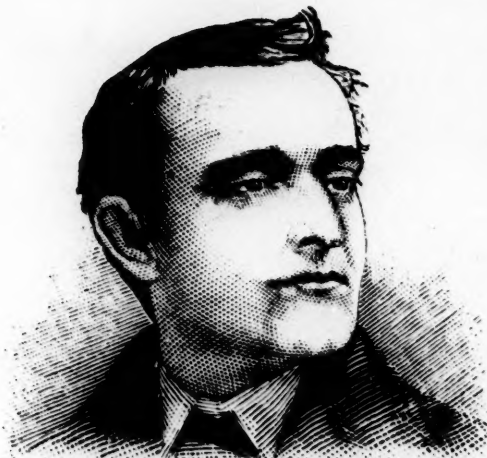
funeral rites. After the services the family's old pastor, who had insulted them at the former funeral, called at the home and bitterly upbraided and violently denounced a daughter, who was a teacher in the Sunday-school, for what he claimed was unchristian-like conduct in calling in an outside pastor. He was finally put out by indignant members of the household. Then to carry his spite and meanness and pety born of the devil farther, this disgrace to religion caused a public entry to be made in the church books dismissing the daughter, who was an amiable, devout lady, from the Sunday-school, claiming that she was unfit to teach the young. Good heavens! This pure girl unfit to teach little ones! Why, if she is, then that pastor has not enough decency and pety in him to preach to pigs! No wonder persons scoff at religion when such purblind Pecksniffs pretend to propagate it. No wonder that people shun the churches, and that Ingersoll's denunciation of religion and priests finds so many believers.

**DEAD AT HER DAUGHTER'S FEET.**

AN OLD LADY, SEARCHING FOR HER MISSING DAUGHTER, FINDS HER AMONG THE CONVICTS ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND AND IS STRICKEN DEAD WITH SORROW.

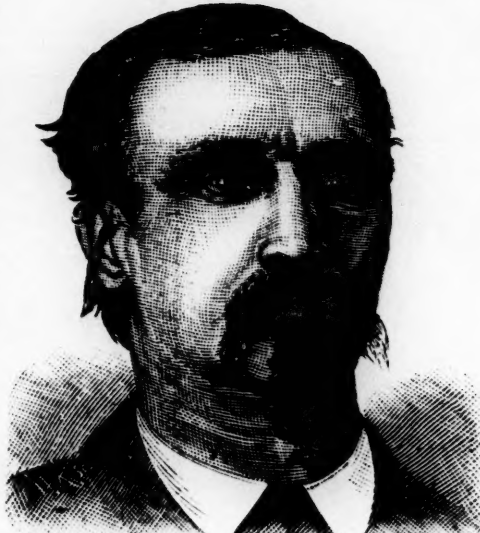
**A FIENDISH SON.**

A YOUNG MAN OF LOS ANGELES, CAL., DECOYS HIS AGED MOTHER INTO THE COUNTRY AND BEATS HER, ALMOST FATALLY, WITH A RAWHIDE.



WALTER S. JOHNSON,
AN ALLEGED EMBEZZLER, WANTED AT COLUMBUS, O., FOR A REWARD.

agreement the wicked Mr. Edwards is said to have taken Dresser's team and about \$150 in money and drove to Norwood. When he came, however, the lady hadn't her crimps ready; but as an earnest of her intention to "skip" ultimately she threw a valise filled with clothing into the wagon and told Edwards she would join him at Putnam, Conn. Leaving her \$10 to pay her fare, Edwards drove to Putnam, and sure enough the woman arrived upon the train and spent the day with him. Again, however, she returned home, arranging to meet him at New Haven. Edwards



ALFRED G. PACKER,
THE CANNIBAL, ACCUSED OF EATING FIVE COMRADES IN ARIZONA.

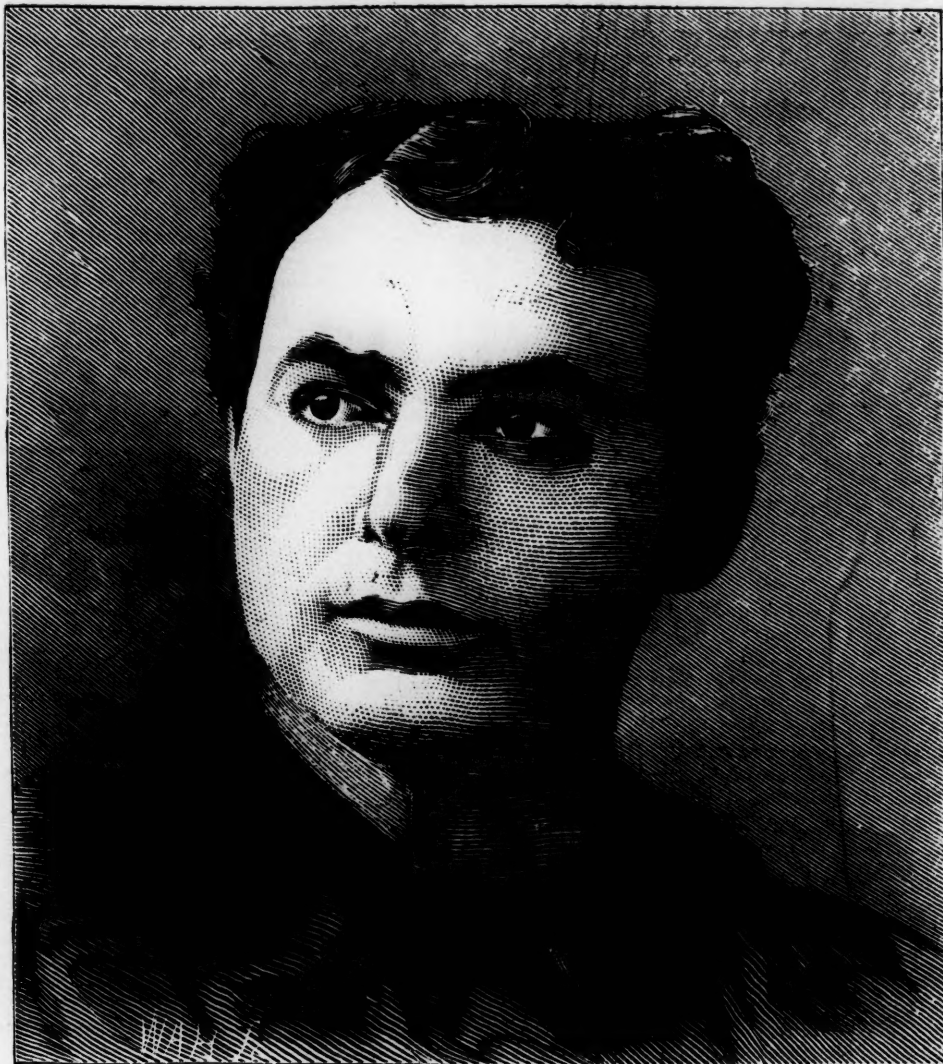
forting words to assuage the grief of the bereaved ones, meanly took advantage of the sorrowful and solemn occasion to intimate that the death of the child was a manifestation of divine wrath for the irregular attendance of the afflicted family at church. Recently another member of the family, an aged lady, died, and remembering how their feelings had been lacerated by the uncalled-for strictures of the minister who officiated at the other funeral, they concluded not to engage him to officiate, but instead employed a clergyman from an adjacent parish to perform the



D. W. LAMBERT,
A NOTED SOUTHERN BURGLAR, CAPTURED BY DETECTIVES AT NASHVILLE, TENN.



MISS FRANCISKA RABERG.



ALEXANDER KLEIN

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

[Photo. by Mora.]

Smoking Out a Lodger.

Some sensational facts came up in a Montreal court the other day in the proceedings of a lodging house keeper, Mrs. Smythe, to oust a couple from apartments in her house. A month ago a young man and a young lady from New York, who claimed to be husband and wife, hired a room in Mrs. Smythe's house for a term of three months. They were stylish in appearance, but their manners proved to be fast and a tendency to have a "racket" in their apartments three nights in the week didn't sweeten the land-

lady's temper any. She ordered them out; they refused to go. She threatened to put them out; they laughed in her face. Then she took other measures. She tried to make their position untenable. She blocked up the chimney, blew red pepper through the keyhole, burned asafoetida at the door, but the plucky couple wouldn't be smoked out. They kept up their racket all through the campaign and enjoyed their wine amid the clouds and stench as if there were no assault on their senses. At last Mrs. Smythe had to give in and appeal to the courts, where the matter is shortly to come out.

A Viennese Tenor.

Herr Alexander Klein is the first tenor of the Thalia Comie Opera Company and undoubtedly one of the best German artists in his line. He was born in Vienna in the year 1849, his father being a wealthy Hebrew merchant. Young Klein was destined to follow in his father's footsteps but having a liking for the stage he ran away from home in his fourteenth year and joined a traveling theatrical company. After many ups and downs the young tenor's talents secured for him the position of *erste Liebhaber*

(first lover) in the Wurzburg Ludwig's theatre. From this time on until the present day he has steadily improved, so that he now takes his rank with the Berthellers, Daubrays, Howsons and Carletons. He will star with manager Hermann's troupe during the summer season and will therefore be seen by New Yorkers at the Star Theatre next June.

On March 23 John Thompson, of Laredo, Texas, was shot and killed by a shepherd in his employ. A posse is out in pursuit of the murderer and if caught he will be lynched.



SMOKING OUT A LODGER.

HOW A FAST NEW YORK COUPLE DEFIED A MONTREAL LANDLADY AND GALLANTLY STOOD A SIEGE OF SMOKE AND STENCHES.

SPORTING NEWS.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,

Out April 15, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, snappiest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St. New York.

KEENE has sold Romeo, the four-year-old full brother to Geo. L. Lorillard's winner, to Chevalier Givissella, of Italy.

S. W. ROCHE, Thomas Stagg and ex-Sheriff Kern, of Chicago, Ill., are to shoot a pigeon match at 50 birds each, 30 yards rise.

THE crack four-oared crew of the Minnesota Boat Club, which made such a mark in the 1881 and 1882 regattas, have disbanded.

IN June the Schuylkill navy will have its annual regatta, and for the first time since 1875 the events will be open to all amateurs.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, the promoter of dog racing in Philadelphia, is now the possessor of Turk, the fastest dog-racer in the country.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, the ex-champion oarsman of England, is matched to row an unknown over the Tyne championship course for £200.

GEORGE LEE will return from England next month without any scalps. He was ready to row any oarsman in England but he bluffed them all.

DURING the racing season betting men will do well to keep their weather eye open on the race horse Lysimachus in Churchill & Johnson's stable.

THE \$300 stakes in the wrestling match between McMahon's Unknown and Michael Donahue were withdrawn by the latter on the 27th of March.

TIMOTHY HURST, of Ashland, and Peter McNally, of Girardville, are matched to run a 20 mile foot race for \$200 a side, at Ashland, on April 14.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, the champion all-round athlete, arrived in New York from New Orleans, La., on March 28, and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

DR. F. W. CARVER and A. H. Bogardus' exhibition shoot at 100 clay pigeons at Quincy, Ill., on March 23, resulted in Carver breaking 100 to Bogardus 91.

PADDY CONNERS and his trainer, "Soap" McAlpine, were arrested in Troy, N. Y., on March 20, on the charge of arranging a prize fight, but were released on bail.

ST. JULIAN will go into training for the trotting campaign, and it is expected that he will equal the time of Maud S., 2:10 3/4, which is the best on record, this season.

MADAM MARANTETTE, the noted lady equestrienne, is out with a challenge to ride against any lady in the United States, without saddle, showing six different gaits.

WM. RAMSAY, of Toronto, Canada, is training Edward Hanlan at Washington, D. C. He will make the Annapolis boat club house on the Potomac his headquarters.

J. S. PRINCE lately defeated J. W. Wilson, C. J. Young and W. M. Woodside in a relieving bicycle race at Boston. Prince's time was 1h. 7m. 47 1/2s., the best American record.

HARRY MORGAN, the 120lb. champion pugilist of the northwest, is ready to fight any 120lb. man in the world. He had a benefit at the "zoo" at Leadville, Colo., on March 25.

MESSRS. Clapp and Lynch, the "champions of the diamond" of the Metropolitan base ball club, have opened the "Club," 1380 Third Avenue, New York, as a sporting house.

FRED KUHLER and Philo Jacoby, the crack rifle shots of the Pacific coast, will represent California in the international shooting tournament to be held in Germany this summer.

TOMMY CHANDLER, of Chicago (no relation of Tommy Chandler of the Pacific Slope), the cleverest boxer in the west, was in this city on March 28 and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

AT Paddy Dunn's saloon, Pittsburg, Pa., recently, "Broadway" Harris and Pat Kerney signed articles to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring. The mill is to take place next month.

ON March 19, Chambers Brown and Dave Holly, colored, fought a prize fight near Siletown Dauphin county, to satisfy an old feud. At the end of the 15th round the fight was declared a draw.

AT Charley Norton's sporting house, 323 Market street, Newark, N. J., on April 9 there will be a grand raffle for a diamond horse shoe pin, said to have once been the property of the great Tom Sayers.

AT Dayton, Ohio, on March 30, A. H. Bogardus and Dr. F. W. Carver shot at 100 birds; Bogardus claimed he won but the referee decided the match a draw. Each "killed" according to the referee, 91.

HOMER LANE, the ex-champion wrestler of America, who has been for some time on the Pacific slope, arrived in New York on March 28. Lane is ready to wrestle any man of his weight in America.

PRINCE, the champion bicycle rider, is anxiously waiting to arrange a bicycle race for the championship of the world with John Keen. The race will probably take place at Boston, where Prince resides.

OWEN JUDGE, the pugilist, who is suffering from hemorrhage, and from latest advices from Patsey Hogan, our San Francisco correspondent, is very low, will be tendered a complimentary benefit in that city in a short time.

FRED MAY, of the Raquette Club, and John Ellison, of the London Club, are in training for a glove contest, Marquis of Queensberry rules. We suppose it will be fought at Rockaway if Ellison doesn't weaken.

MESSRS. H. C. JEWETT & Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., on March 15 purchased the trotter Jerome Eddy, record 2:15 1/2, for \$25,000. This is the highest price ever paid for a trotting stallion, with the exception of Smuggler and Piedmont.

THE Orange cup, value £600, presented by the King of the Netherlands, for horses bred in England and ridden and trained by British subjects, distance about three miles and to be run at Ascot on the second day, obtained 27 entries.

L. L. BURTON, of Roscommon, Mich., who recently posted \$50 forfeit, and challenged John McMahon to wrestle, has received his money from the POLICE GAZETTE office. McMahon refused to wrestle Burton for a less sum than \$500 a side.

W. J. C. COLLIER will row any man in Missouri a series of seventeen games of ten-pins for the championship of the state. He does not propose to make it a matter of money, but wishes to exhibit what science in the art the best men possess.

FRANK STEELE, of Waukesha, Wis., writes to Richard K. Fox that he is prepared to fight John Donaldson or any pugilist in the state of Wisconsin according to the rules of the London prize ring, three months from signing articles, for \$1,000 a side.

BILLY MADDEN intends to give a grand boxing show with Charley Mitchell at the American Institute, Sixty third street and Third Avenue, on Monday week. Madden offers John L. Sullivan one-third of the receipts to wind-up with Mitchell.

ON Whit Monday, May 14, at Pastime park, near Philadelphia, Arthur Chambers will give money prizes amounting to \$500 for a 135 yards handicap. All sprinters can gain all information by applying to Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

ON Decoration Day, May 30, the Passaic regatta will take place at Newark. Junior and single scull races, pair-oared gigs, four and eight-oared shells will comprise the programme; the trial heats will be rowed in the morning and the finals in the afternoon.

IN the billiard tournament, now in progress at Chicago, Ill., Vignaux and Jake Schaefer are the favorites for the first prize. We think Vignaux and Schaefer's chances the best, and if we knew Schaefer was "not in harness" we would plump him for the winner.

PAT FOLEY and Jack McCarthy fought a most desperate battle with gloves for a purse of \$25 at the Abbey, a sporting house in San Francisco, Cal., recently. McCarthy was declared the winner after being fought almost to a stand-still, nine terrific rounds being contested.

MRS. PAUL, better known as Mrs. Bell Cook, the celebrated long distance rider, died March 4th at San Francisco, Cal., of inflammation of the stomach. She was a slight, pretty little woman, about 35 years of age, of great ambition and the most indomitable energy and pluck.

JACK, the champion canine of Pittsburg, Pa., and Sport, the champion dog of Louisville, Ky., have been matched to fight for \$2,000 in three weeks. It promises to be one of the greatest fights on record, and undeniably the best ever seen, as both dogs are of fine stock and considered champions.

JOE PENDERGAST, of Brooklyn, will appear at Prof. Wm. C. McClellan's benefit at Irving Hall, New York, on Wednesday evening, April 11. McClellan offers \$100 to either Mike Donovan, George Rooke or Mike Cleary to box four rounds with Pendergast, the "Brooklyn wonder."

THE 25 mile walking match between Frank W. Kane and Walter Ford at the Pastime athletic club, New York, March 26, was won by Ford, who was allowed 6 miles start, and he completed the distance while Kane covered 22 miles and 3 laps; Ford walked 19 miles in 5 hours 56 minutes 45 seconds.

HIRAM HOWE, the popular driver and turfman, who has charge of Richard K. Fox's \$10,000 trotter, "Police Gazette," record 2:22, will enter the horse in the 2:22 class purses to be trotted in the east. She has been blistered and fired, and Hiram expects she will trot in 2:18.—New York Daily News.

JAMES O'BRIEN, the holder of the POLICE GAZETTE medal for light weights of Colorado, was matched to fight Frank Hayes on the 20th of March, 1883, but declines to fight and therefore forfeits the medal. The reason O'Brien forfeits the medal is because his business will not allow his entering the ring.

OWEN MCCARTHY, of Philadelphia, objects to Benny Jones styling himself light-weight champion wrestler and wishes to make a match for \$100 or \$250 a side, Jones to weigh 130 pounds if he chooses, while McCarthy will train down to 110. McCarthy is also open for propositions from Sam Berry, each to weigh 130lbs.

THE wrestling match for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the Græco-Roman amateur championship of America between Frank E. Lane, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Harry N. Herber, the amateur champion Græco-Roman wrestler, will be decided at Harry Hill's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 5, at 2 p. m.

WE have received a letter from Harry Morgan, the noted feather-weight pugilist of the west, who is now residing at Leadville, Colo. He states there is no prospect of a prize fight being arranged between Tom Walling and Bryan Campbell, as Campbell wants to fight for no less a sum than \$2,500 a side and Walling cannot secure that sum.

THE proposed glove fight between Patsey Sheppard, the well known boxer, and Tommy F. Drohan, at the Hub, will never come to a head. Sheppard, who is a scientific, well tried pugilist, offered to give Drohan \$1 per minute to stand before him. It was supposed that Drohan would have accepted the princely offer but he failed to do so.

IN No. 291 of the POLICE GAZETTE we shall devote a special department to the interest of the national game and to general news of the ball field. This department will be under the management of one of the best writers on field topics in the United States, and will be found in every way worthy of the public's favorite journal, the POLICE GAZETTE.

FRANCIS MCGREEN, 24 years of age, an athlete of local renown, wrestled James Chapman at South Brooklyn on the 19th ult., to decide a question of wrestling ability between the two rivals. Chapman was thrown violently to the floor in the first and only bout, fracturing his collar bone, the injury received rendering him unable to continue the contest.

A GLOVE contest was decided at Steven's Creek, Cal., recently, between Joseph Robinson and Willie Bryant. Up to the tenth round Bryant proved himself a cautious sparrer, but then gave unmistakable signs of exhaustion and after the thirteenth round, seeing that he was unable to tire the perpetual mo-

tion of Robinson, allowed the sponge to be thrown up in token of defeat.

LETTERS are lying in our care for the following: Viro Small, Mike Donovan, John L. Sullivan, Michael Lynch, Miss Amy Howard, Fred Krohne, James Carlin, Charles Reipschlag, Prof. Laffin, R. J. Dickie, Dick Tilden, Mike Hook, Geo. W. Wingate, O. Lewis, J. B. Barker, E. O. Ball, Henry W. Taylor, Frank Rose, E. M. Hackett, Wm. Muldoon, Dick Garvin, Wm. McLafferty, Harry Monroe.

PROF. WM. C. MCCLELLAN will be tendered a benefit at Irving Hall, N. Y., on April 11, when Joe Pendergast will meet any pugilist in America in the wind-up. McClellan asks us to state that he will give George Rooke, Mike Donovan or Mike Cleary \$100, if they will box with Pendergast.

ON March 14, about 200 sports gathered near Columbus, Ohio, to witness a fight between the Columbus champion bull dog Jack and the Chillicothe Pup. The Chillicothe dog was at least twelve pounds heavier than his opponent, and big odds were given on him. He had not the staying qualities of his small antagonist, however, and was badly whipped in 25 minutes, running away four times before the referee decided against him.

YALE College boat club have the following oarsmen in training at New Haven, Conn., for their crew, who are to row Harvard: Captain Lewis, K. Hull, Folsom Rogers, Guernsey Flanders and Parrott of last year's crew. Frank G. Peters, class of '86, pulls as No. 6, taking the place of Hynden, of '84, called home by the death of his sister. The other man is Henry E. Bourne, class of '84, who, it is thought, will pull with the crew at New London.

CHARLEY MITCHELL, the English champion, and Mike Cleary of Philadelphia, have made arrangements to meet in a soft glove contest at the American Institute on Monday, April 9. The Philadelphia pugilist has the reputation of being a tremendous hitter, having knocked out George Rooke in a contest some time since, while Mitchell has bested the cleverest men in England, including Alf Greenfield and Tug Wilson. A fine display of science is anticipated.

H. M. FLAGG, the Vermont wrestler, recently issued a challenge to wrestle any collar-and-elbow wrestler in New York State. He made the bluff to Denny Mahoney, the noted game fowl fancier, of Rochester, N. Y., who accepted the offer and a match was made for \$500, \$100 forfeit being posted. Mahoney's Unknown was sent for to New York City and it turned out to be John McMahon. Flagg weakened and McMahon received the forfeit when Flagg refused to wrestle.

THE 20 mile running race recently at Wood's Athletic Club grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., had eleven starters. At the finish J. Macauley of the Vauxhall Athletic Club, who ran the 20 miles in two hours and twenty minutes. There were on the track J. Kerns, G. A. C., a good second; James Dunn and J. Hellright, N. S. A. C. The prizes, which were presented by the Vauxhall Club, were gold and silver medals. T. Delaney of the Williamsburg club was marked as scratch but he did not appear.

AT New Orleans, La., on March 18, Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete, and Theobald Bauer wrestled Græco Roman, best two in three falls, for the Græco-Roman wrestling championship and the POLICE GAZETTE medal. The match was decided in the St. Charles Theatre and attracted a tremendous crowd. Bauer won the first fall after a very exciting struggle. Ross cleverly threw Bauer in the second bout. The deciding bout was won by Bauer and he was declared the winner of the match.

A WELL known sporting man of this city called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left a deposit of \$50 with Richard K. Fox and asked us to publish the following:

"Understanding that James Record of Bridgeport, Conn., is anxious to make a match to wrestle Viro Small, alias Black Sam, for \$100 a side, I beg to say that I will accept Mr. Record's challenge on behalf of Black Sam and am prepared to arrange a match any time that he may name. FRANK STEVENSON."

ONE of the most notable events which will round off the season's festivities of the metropolis with a merry swing and mirthful accompaniment, will be the Bal Français de l'Harmonie, which will take place on Thursday evening, April 5, at Irving Hall, N. Y. If you're a sport it's worth traveling miles to take in the fun of this grand affair. All the life and merriment of New York will there find expression and you will miss a big thing if you are not there.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says, in reference to the proposed prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Herbert A. Slade, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, that Slade's money is ready to bind a match with John L. Sullivan, and if he will name a time and place for a meeting to sign articles and deposit a forfeit, Slade's backer will be on hand. If the battle ground cannot be agreed upon otherwise, Slade says he is willing to toss up for choice. Slade's backer will accept Harry Hill as final stakeholder, or if this does not suit will let Sullivan choose Jim Keenan, of Boston, or Wm. F. McCoy, of New York.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: Harry Allen, Bob Smith, Frank Wilson, Joe Coburn, Robert Turnbull, Prof. Laffin, Edwin Bibby, Harry N. Herber, Young Bibby, John Hughes, James Pilkington, Billy Edwards, James Quigley, Captain James C. Daly, Billy Madden, Charley Mitchell, English champion; Mark Maguire, Mike Donovan, George Fullames, Jim Smith, Michael Donahue, Prof. McClellan, Pete McCoy, Fiddler Neary, Ed. Mallahan, Duncan C. Ross, Dr. Thomas, Flori Barnett, Mike Mullery, Fanny Cooke, Joe Fowler, Jim Connolly.

AT Harry Hill's, on Thursday afternoon, April 5, at 2 p. m., there will be something new in the boxing line under the management of Frank Stevenson. The affair is a great female boxing match for the colored boxing championship of America between Miss Mary Carr, of Albany, N. Y., the colored female champion of New York, and Bella Moore, of Baltimore, Md., the female colored champion of Maryland. Both are said to be hummers, and no doubt the contest will be very exciting. On the same afternoon Frank E. Lane, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Harry N. Herber, the amateur Græco-Roman champion, will wrestle for the POLICE GAZETTE medal and the amateur championship of America.

THE first annual entertainment of the Flyaway base ball club took place at their rooms, No. 720 Third Avenue, on the evening of March 10.

About 150 people were present and the exhibition proved a success. In the boxing match between McCabe and Crawford the latter was declared the winner and was presented with a medal; M. Downing swung the clubs in a very graceful manner and received deserved applause. The wrestling match between Tully and Hassard, best two in three falls, was won by Hassard in two straight falls; the glove contest between P. McCabe and M. Clark, for a medal, was won by Clark. At the conclusion of the entertainment Henry McCabe challenged any boy under 17 years of age to run him 100 yards.

THE race for the Lincolnshire Handicap, the first flat race of the season in England, was run on March 27, and was won by Knight of Burghley. Scobell came in second and Sulphur third. There were seven starters, including Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Aranza. The latter was not placed.

WM. C. MCCLELLAN, the popular boxer and well known sporting boniface of John street, will be tendered a benefit at Irving Hall on April 11. Joe Pendergast, McClellan's heavy-weight champion, will give either Mike Donovan, George Rooke or Mike Cleary \$100 to wind-up with him.

IN regard to the proposed single-scull race between Wallace Ross and Edward Hanlan for the championship of the world, Hanlan writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows: "I have already conceded \$1,500 to Ross in stakes. Seeing that he was not able to raise \$2,500 I consented to row him for \$1,000, each man to pay his own expenses, the race to be rowed in Montreal waters and the winner to take the stakes and receipts. These are the terms of my race with Kennedy, except that the stake is \$2,500 a side. If Ross really wants to row me let him agree to submit the difference to arbitration and then cover my forfeit of \$500 now up. I will pull him on any water between Toronto and St. Johns that is wide enough for one boat to pass another."

IN regard to the dispute over the POLICE GAZETTE dog collar representing the dog racing championship of America, the Sporting Chronicle of Manchester, of March 6, after giving in full Arthur Chambers' and David Scowcroft's letters on the subject, says: "The articles, as will be seen above, have been so loosely constructed that Chambers cannot be considered bound by them to run his brown bitch Let Her Come, though there is no doubt that it was this bitch that Scowcroft's party fancied they were opposing. In our opinion the match that should have taken place on the 12th of February should be declared null and void, and fresh articles drawn up for a new match in which both dogs shall be properly described by name and color. Doubtless Richard K. Fox, the donor of the gold collar, would willingly do what he could to facilitate such a solution of the difficulty." The Bell's Life and Sporting Life are yet to be heard from on this question.

FOR publishing in the POLICE GAZETTE the announcement that the Maori, Herbert A. Slade, would be backed to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side, Richard K. Fox was placed under bonds to keep the peace in the sum of \$1,000. The charge against him was that of "aiding and abetting prize fights." Mr. Fox was not disposed to rest under bonds, and on March 28, his counsel, Col. Chas. Spencer, appeared before Judge A. R. Lawrence, of the supreme court, and applied for a writ of certiorari in the case. The application was granted and Police Justice Henry A. Ford was ordered to show cause on Friday, March 30, why Mr. Fox was placed under bonds. The proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE takes his case before the Supreme Court for the purpose of settling a question in which sporting men generally are interested. He says: "I shall do all in my power to protect the interests of sport. I wish to have it made clear that sporting men have rights which must be respected; it has been the custom of late to ignore them."

THE final deposit of \$200, making the total amount \$1,000 in the wrestling match for the catch-can championship of the world, was received by Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office. The principals are Joe Acton of Philadelphia, the English champion, and James Hatfield's, of Philadelphia, unknown, who has proved to be Thomas Connors of England, who recently defeated Ike Smith. The conditions of the match, which is to be decided at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on April 7, are that the rival champions shall wrestle catch-can, best two in three falls, for \$1,000 and the championship of the world. Richard K. Fox is the final stakeholder and will have to appoint the referee if the athletes fail to decide upon one inside of fifteen minutes' deliberation. The match is commanding considerable interest in sporting circles and there is every probability that a large amount of money will be wagered on the result. Arthur Chambers is backing Acton and Noah Mankinson is putting up the money for Connors, who, it is said, is one of the best Lancashire wrestlers ever seen. The full amount of the stakes, \$1,000, is posted and both athletes are hard at work training.

THE wrestling match between James Quigley, the champion of the New York Police Department, who recently defeated Walter E. Brown, of the Boston police force, and John C. Doyle, the champion wrestler of the Baltimore police force, will not take place. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, when in Baltimore, Md., proposed to give a \$500 champion medal for Doyle and Quigley to compete for. Both wrestlers were notified and agreed to compete for the POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy, but just as the match was under weigh, the following which we publish knocked it into a cocked hat. Read the article:

OFFICE BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS,
Baltimore, March 22, 1883.

OFFICER JOHN DOYLE, M. D.:
Dear Sir—I am directed by the Board of Police Commissioners to inform you that having received, as sent by you through your superior officers, a letter, dated the 19th inst., addressed to you by Richard K. Fox, Esq., proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, it has given the subject matter thereof careful consideration, and to add that it feels constrained to withhold its consent that you accept the complimentary offer; the object of the athletic exercises in which officers of the department are permitted to engage, being strictly that of improvement by friendly contests among themselves and it being foreign to that object for any officer to take part in a trial of skill with any one not a member of the police department of Baltimore.

Very respectfully, GEO. SAVAGE, Clerk.

The "Prettiest Women in Paris" will make their first appearance in No. 1 of "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings," out Sunday, April 15, price 5 cents.

ALF. GREENFIELD, the noted English pugilist, who keeps the leading sporting house, the Swan with the Two Necks, in Livery street, Birmingham, England, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he intends visiting America this summer. He will be the guest of Richard K. Fox during his sojourn in New York and the POLICE GAZETTE will tender him a big reception.

A GLOVE fight between Philip N. Weitzel, alias Buffalo Fatz, and Paddy McShane, alias Nosey Red, for \$25 a side, is reported to have been decided on the outskirts of Baltimore, Md., on March 20th. In the first round Buffalo Fatz landed a fearful blow under his opponent's chin, which sent him to the ground, where he remained for five minutes senseless.

CHARLES FREE and Andrew Alexander had a dispute in a saloon in Casselton, Dakota Ter., recently, whereupon by the advice of some friends they repaired to a stable to settle the difficulty. When the men got into position, Free shot out his right hand catching his opponent square on the forehead—knocking him clean off his feet. The blow caused a deep cut from which the blood flowed freely. When time was called for the second round Free stood waiting for his antagonist, but Alexander, throwing science to the winds, grappled Free, and being the stronger man threw him, falling heavily on him, and while in that position managed to gouge him in the eye. Free squealed with pain, whereupon the two were separated and they agreed to face each other again when Free's eye gets better.

MILES GROVE, Pa., was recently the scene of a lively glove fight. The principals were Leslie Hess and Joe Biggar, and they contested for \$5 a side, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Hess had the idea that he was an accomplished boxer, and was to knock his opponent out in four rounds or lose his money. The fight took place in an unoccupied tenement house, the "boys" being accompanied by seconds, referees and umpire, after the most approved rules of the ring. Four rattling rounds were fought, and instead of the fellow who was to be knocked out being thus accommodated, he came up smiling and announced his willingness to let the fun go on, believing that he stood about as good a chance of coming out first as did his opponent. At the end of the twelfth round a draw was declared and the stakes divided.

A PRIZE fight was fought at Winchester, Ill., on March 22 between Sam Eagleson and Tom Taylor, colored pugilists. The pugilists fought with hard gloves for a purse. Only a few of the most intimate friends of the pugilists were present. The fight was a desperate but short one. The first round consisted of some hard knocking but at the end the honors were easy. Second round, more hard knocking and some batting. Eagleson came out second best. Third round, each tried to soften the other's head; this was impossible; they worked manfully and at the end of the fourth round Taylor was rather worsted. Fourth and last round, not much science but lots of pounding; the honors were easy but Eagleson got out of wind and threw up the gloves and Taylor was declared the winner. After this match was over Eagleson's barber, Early, put on the mittens with Taylor and after some hard pounding, butting, clinching, etc., Taylor pulled off the gloves and Early was declared winner. Bad Bill also tried his hand but was soon knocked out of time.

A BIG STREAK OF LUCK FOR MAYSVILLE. Charles D. Riney, an industrious, worthy young gentleman, and Mrs. Henrietta Burns, of Mayville, were so fortunate as to be the holders of one fifth of ticket No. 57,012, in the February Louisiana State Lottery drawing, the number that won the capital prize. Mr. Riney and Mrs. Burns are each of them rich by \$75,000. The money was collected through the bank of Messrs. W. R. Rison & Co. This was the first winning of the kind made by either party. A fourth of a \$2,000 prize was also won by a Huntsville party.—Huntsville (Ala.) Independent, Feb. 22.

ANOTHER PRIZE NUMBER. This time under our own notice. We have seen the drawing signed by a gentleman in business and well known as being at Third Avenue, in this city, whose name and address are at his request, in which he certifies to being the fortunate holder of ticket No. 18,237 in the Original "Little Havana" (Gould & Co.) drawing, March 7, 1883. That said number was the one drawing the capital prize in the Royal Havana Lottery, consequently the ticket bearing that number was entitled to the capital prize in the Original "Little Havana" (Gould & Co.) drawing, and that the sum of \$9,000 currency was promptly paid to him on presentation of said ticket through the Brooklyn Bank.—Los Angeles (Spanish) N.Y. City, March 15.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. The Voltaic Belt Company, Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N.B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. Fifteen cents. Druggists.

OUT OF WORK.—There is work for all, if they will but do it. Let every one who has a cough or cold take Hall's Balsam at once.

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